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1858





In memory of
Samuel Stark

from a gift by

Miss M. Celeste Ashley

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

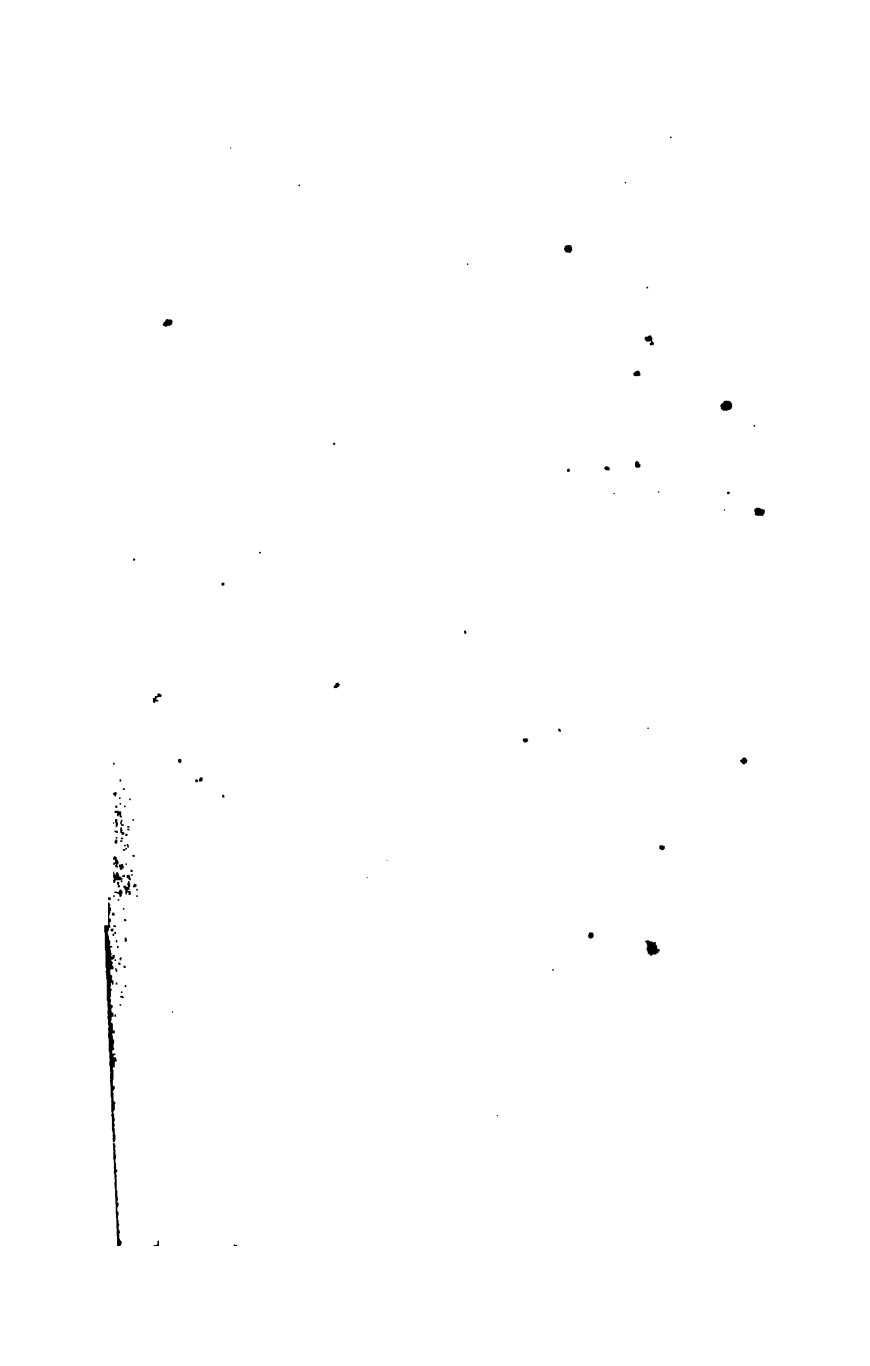




1860.

Whitby
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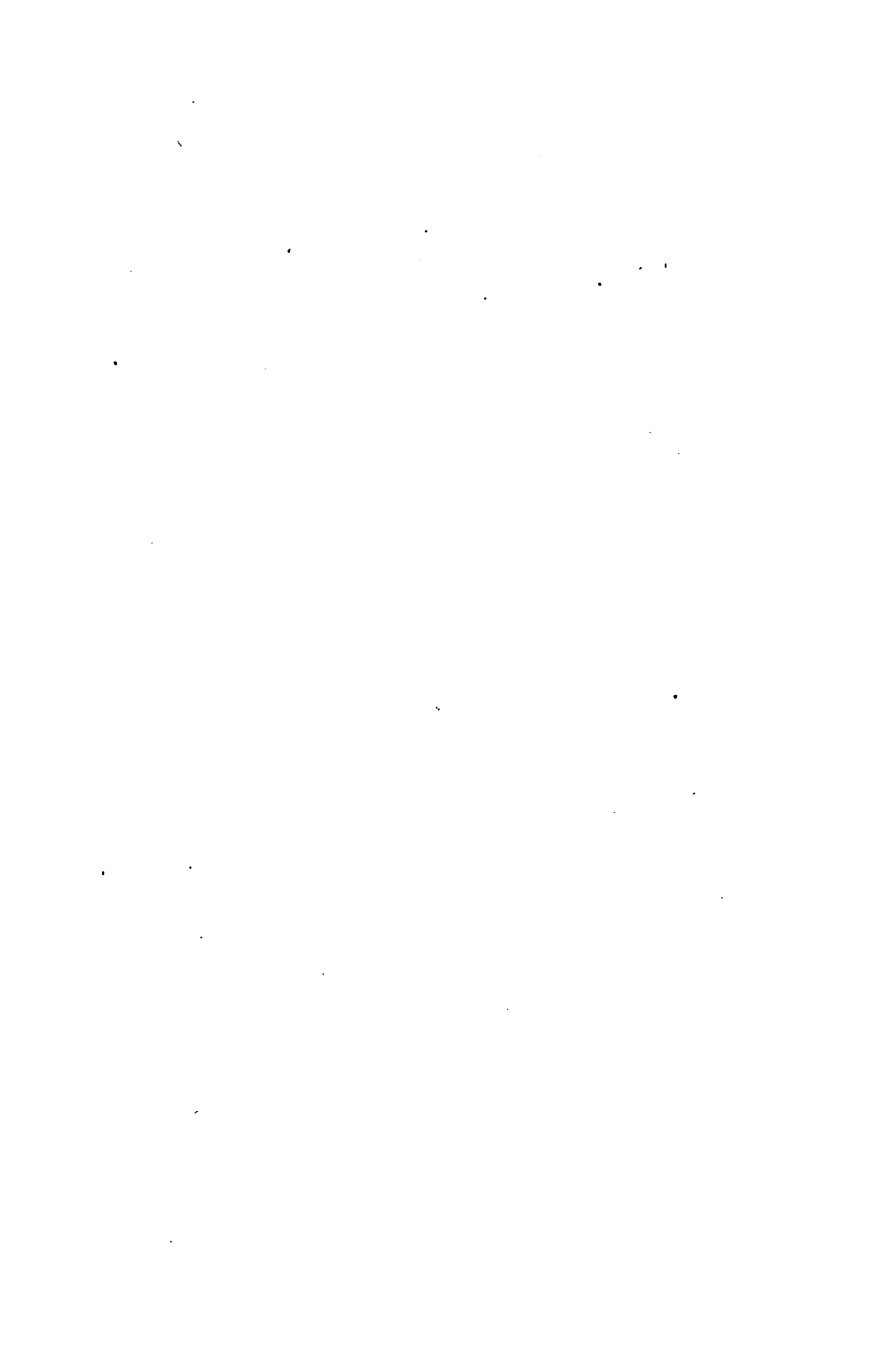
RAVEN HILL.



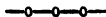
1862.

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RAVEN HILL.



RAVEN HILL;
OR,
THE DANISH FORT:
AND
OTHER POEMS,
BY
RICHARD VASEY.



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Contents.

	Page.
RAVEN HILL; OR, THE DANISH FORT:—	
Canto I. 	9
Canto II.	39
The Lay of the Minstrel 	45
Hymn	50
Canto III. 	67
The Requiem 	72
Notes to Raven Hill	77
 MISCELLANEOUS POEMS:—	
Serenade 	83
The Hypocrite 	84
The Fading One 	85
Farewell.. 	88
The Sabbath.. 	89
The Rev. J. F. Barry, M.A. 	92
The Emigrant's Farewell 	93
The Old Man's Prayer 	95
The Jewish Exile' 	97
Spring	98
The Sabbath Eve 	99
My Native Bells	100

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS CONTINUED:—

	Page.
My Birthday.. .. .	101
The Princess Royal's Farewell	102
The Returning Warrior	103
To Slander	104
The Fisher's Daughter	105
Bird of Summer's Flowery Time	106
My Bible	108
The Withered Rose	109
Death of Cathcart	111
Song of Randolph	112
The Burial of Capt. Moorsom	114
There's a Land	116
The British Statesman	117
St. Helena	118

AND where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed farewell!

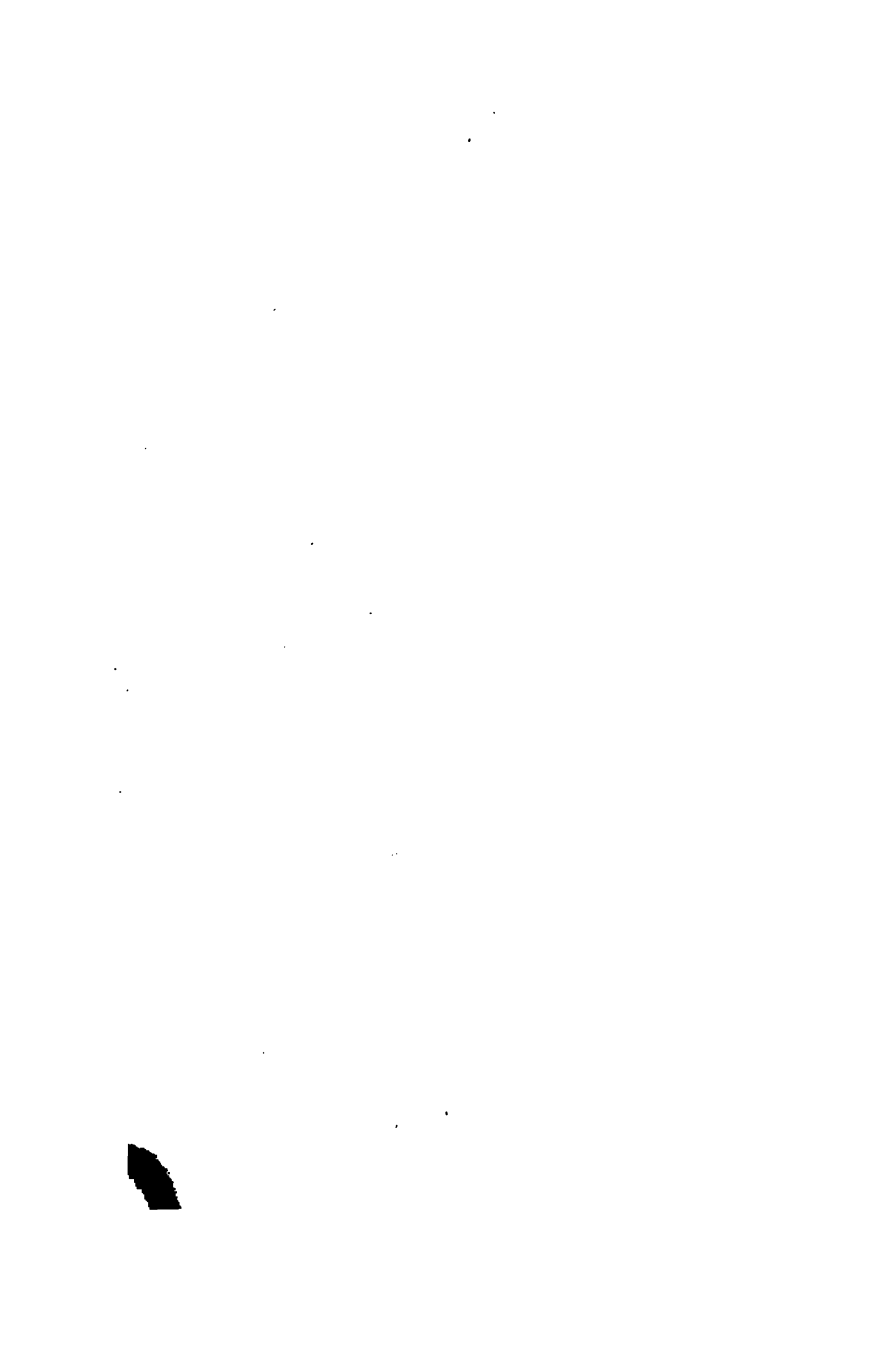
BYRON.

Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still;
Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
Lay tottering on the hollow pass;
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge.

SCOTT.

Alas, the-death! alas, mine Emily!
Alas, departing of our company!
Alas, mine hearté's queen! alas, my wife!
Mine hearté's lady, ender of my life!
What is this world? What asken men to have?
Now with his love, now in his coldé grave—
Alone—withouten any company:
Farewell, my sweet! farewell, mine Emily!

CHAUCER.



RAVEN HILL; OR, THE DANISH FORT.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Night scene—Raven Hill—the Fort—Ulric—assembling of the Danish chiefs—the summons—midnight—Ulric's disclosure of the Saxon plot—Ulric's revenge—Ulric alone—conscience omnipotent—incantation scene—the march—the ambuscade—the fight—devotion of the Danes to their chief—the flight—the reserve—Orla hems in the Saxons—the charge—morning—the Saxon hall in flames—young Roland—scene within the hall—Roland, despite the threat of Ulric, rescues Gunhilda and the body of Sivrid from the flames—the pursuit.

'Tis night! the silent, silvery moon
Upon the wave is looking down
From off the dark and rugged steep
That frowns defiance o'er the deep.
Not one dark cloud bedims the sky,
The winds are slumbering silently,
The bark is gliding with the stream,
Like shadow o'er a lovely dream—

And on the sea, and on the shore,
 But for the lonely fisher's oar,
 The murmuring floods the rocks among,
 That strike the ear like sea-nymph's song—
 And deep-toned voice of sentinel,
 Which cries aloud that "all is well,"
 'Twould be the most unearthly night
 That ever fell on mortal sight!

Bright lights are seen in yon high tower—
 Yet nought proclaims the festive hour :
 For on the watcher's lonely round
 There scarcely falls the faintest sound.
 Oft, stealthily, his eye he throws
 To where the torch-light brighter glows ;
 Whilst dimly outlined forms appear
 In fuller sight—but on his ear
 There falls no word, however light,
 To solve the mystery of the night.

The chiefs are met within the hall,
 Obedient to stern Ulric's call :—
 What reck's he, though the hour be late,
 When deeds of import need debate ?
 Dreaded alike by friends and foes,
 Who dares the gloomy Dane oppose ?
 Stern and immoveable his mood,
 As rock on which his fortress stood.
 The wild wave round its base may sweep,
 And horror shriek along the deep ;

The rack ride furious o'er the heaven,
 Before the howling tempest driven—
 And that loud wail, above the blast,
 The soul's wild farewell, and its last—
 E'en as the vessel strikes the shore,
 May rise above the ocean's roar—
 But should old Ocean smile or frown,
 That high, dark rock looks coldly down.
 And such was he, for good or ill,
 The cold, the haughty chieftain still !
 On others' changeful brow and cheek,
 The workings of the mind might speak—
 His sorrow, joy, love, hate, or fear,
 Left nothing like an index there :—
 An iron will's unchecked control
 Hung on the passions of his soul.
 If on his ear fell suffering's cry
 It woke no chord of sympathy !
 Had aught like pity in his breast
 E'er lighted as a transient guest,
 'Twas more than mortal tongue could tell
 How long since it had sighed "farewell !"

Ere the last beam of parting day
 Upon the heather died away,
 The faithful Roland left the Fort,
 Dismissed in haste with message short,
 And pricking fast his courser's side,
 Along the mountain steep he hied ;
 Then down the pass he swiftly flew,
 Till near the wave-worn cliff he drew—

When to the left he urged his flight,
 Like some lone spirit of the night.
 Up, up the glen with speed he passed—
 The nearest chief is gained at last.

Short greeting to the vassal paid,
 "Now lead me to thy lord," he said ;
 And quickly springing to the ground,
 He threw the reins the postern round.

"Yonder is Orla."

"That will do:
 He knows me well, my friend, adieu !
 At present, to his ear alone,
 I make my chieftain's message known."
 Him Orla marked, and waved his hand :—
 Quick disappeared the warrior band ;
 And Roland met th' advancing chief
 With lowly bow—

"Come boy, be brief !
 Thou com'st from Ulric's rocky fort !"
 "I do, my lord ! my time is short—
 Much must be done ere morning's light !
 Thou and the chiefs must meet to-night."
 "Where must we meet ?"

"Within the tower."

"And at what time ?"

"The midnight hour.
 The task is thine to summon all the rest ;
 More, when you meet, will be to each expressed."

There is an influence on the hour,
 Deep-thrilling in its mystic power !
 Silent it hovers in the noon
 Of solemn night—the good man's boon.
 At such an hour, on Judah's plains,
 The bard awoke his loftiest strains ;
 Swift, o'er the consecrated lyre,
 Rolled numbers of celestial fire !
 All wildly beautiful they rung
 Like music from an angel's tongue.

Bright forms approach the shepherd seer,
 And pause, that lonely song to hear :
 He feels, yet sees not, as he sings,
 The shadowing of their shining wings.
 Sweet hour ! when holy spirits move,
 With noiseless tread by those they love :—
 Asleep, awake, those fair ones come,
 And whisper of their happy home !
 Softly they come, with soothing power,
 To mitigate the anguished hour ;—
 And care's wild tumult sinks to rest—
 Their hand laid on the heaving breast ;
 Or, soft as moonbeams, moving o'er
 The throbbing brow—that throbs no more :
 E'en the last enemy we greet,
 With friendly welcome, where they meet !
 Oh ! who on earth can fear the night ?
 The heavens bedecked with starry light ?
 The soul looks up with kindling eyes,
 And claims them as her native skies !

Alas ! for hearts that guilt has riven !
 This hour speaks not to them of heaven—
 But mocks them, as its shadows roll,
 Like lava, o'er the troubled soul.—
 How felt dark Ulric none could tell ;
 His features kept that secret well.

That chieftain now the way pursued,
 To where the youthful Roland stood.
 Around the group his eyes he threw,
 And deigned to smile, as met his view
 Those daring men, for deeds of blood
 Alike prepared, on land or flood.
 And now, the courteous host, he bends
 In salutation to his friends :—
 “ We thank you, chieftains, thank you all !
 Well have ye answered Ulric's call ;—
 Though not as erst, to cheerful feast,
 We now invite each welcome guest :
 One of a somewhat sterner kind,
 (Yet not less genial to our mind,)
 Awaits its turn to be discussed ;
 Nor do we aught our power mistrust,
 To render all that's justly due—
 And sought for by the Saxon crew.
 But we must trifle not—time wears ;
 Then lend me, chiefs, attentive ears !
 Ye know how our good swords have won
 And kept this land, nor do we shun
 To say our rule is somewhat high,
 And relished not—but furiously,

Like steed, by vigorous hand withheld,
 Fair England champs the bit unquelled,
 And bides her time—and come it must—
 When foul debauch and wanton lust
 Shall hold their undisputed reign
 O'er what was once the stalwart Dane.
 This, long observed, we sought to warn
 Our prince, and scarce concealed the scorn
 We felt, to see him sunk so low,
 With all his band—a wretched show
 Of valour, quite of strength bereft—
 Without one spark of knighthood left.
 But let that pass—'twill not become
 Us to intreat—they court their doom !
 On them, to all their follies blind,
 Our counsel fell like idle wind.
 But this we gathered, chiefs :—We stand
 Alone ! each, with his own good brand,
 Must now, unaided, fight or fall,
 Whene'er the Saxons break their thrall ;
 Whilst they, beneath th' avenging steel,
 Are struck, with scarce the sense to feel ;
 Or crouch, like slaves, where late they swayed
 The rod, till by themselves betrayed !
 By heaven ! and they'll deserve their fate ;
 Worthy alike of scorn and hate !
 Since this we knew, with two-fold care,
 We watched our posts—nor do we spare
 This aged trunk, or e'er forget
 How much your love adds to our debt.

Oft as th' observant spy, unknown,
 We venture to their camp alone ;³
 In saintly garb, beneath their roof,
 We counsel give or just reproof ;
 Or, as the houseless wanderer, driven
 By want, we ask, and it is given ;
 And, having gained our host, begin,
 With cautious search, to look within.
 Yet, though all open as their board,
 We nought have found that might afford,
 Till late, suspicion of their course,
 As concentrating aught like force ;
 But yesterday, as toil and heat
 Compelled us to a cool retreat,
 A troop of horsemen passed in haste,
 And pricking o'er the moorland waste,
 Swift plunged into the wood below—
 We, hastening, followed to the brow,
 And saw them leap the narrow brook.
 The way to Winfred's hall they took,
 Which having gained, the rein they drew,
 And passing in were hid from view.
 As on our hunting spear we leant,
 Wondering what all this gathering meant,
 (Too stern it seemed for sylvan sport,
 Much less to grace a Saxon court,)
 A lonely horseman met our eye,
 Who seemed to shun all scrutiny.
 One moment, and we seized our horse,
 And stopt young Sivrid's rebel course.

We fought—what boots it to add more—
 This scrawl we from his bosom tore ;
 Each of you read, 'twill speak the best,
 Then let our falchions do the rest.

* * * *

We see that vengeance and surprise,
 By turns are flashing in your eyes !
 This very night we must to horse ;
 Delay will but increase their force.
 Bring up your men with utmost speed ;
 The morning shall behold a deed,
 Shall fill each foeman's heart with fear
 That sees its light, both far and near !
 An hour hence, and the moon will veil
 Her light, and darkness shroud the dale :
 Then, at the entrance of the glen,
 Meet me, brave Orla ! with thy men.
 The rest guard every avenue ;
 And now one cup and then adieu.”
 “Skoal ! * to the Dane ! in peace or war !”
 And echo bore the toast afar—
 “Skoal ! to the Dane ! in peace or war !”
 Then bowing low, each hardy chief withdrew,
 And fast as steed could bear him homeward flew.

And Ulric is alone ! alone
 With his own heart—a restless one,
 That will not sleep when others sleep ;
 But calls up memories stern and deep,
 Of deeds performed in other time,
 Of scenes of innocence or crime,

Unheard, unfelt, amid the strife
 Which marks the battle-field of life.
 On silence and the lonely hour,
 They fall with overwhelming power :—
 The hurried glance, the sudden start,
 The life-blood rushing to the heart,
 The quivering lip, the trembling eye,
 The strong man bent in agony—
 Whence come they ? By what power addressed
 Their message to the guilty breast ?—
 When deeds, from other eyes concealed,
 Burst from their graves and stand revealed ?
 Long sepulchred, at length they rise,
 And each dark deed for vengeance cries.
 Mark ! what dire passions rend the breast,
 While virtue, of her balm possessed,
 Dreams not of half the lost sustain,
 Who writhe in more than mortal pain.
 In vain may pride that power defy,
 The worm that gnaws—that will not die :
 That foretaste of “the wrath to come !”
 Dread Alpha of impending doom !
 Shun ! fly ! weak man ! the fatal course
 Which leads to dark, impenitent remorse.

The chieftain's brow is sternly bent,
 As if the gathering gloom had lent
 To something which his heart had wrung,
 (Unwhispered by the babbling tongue,)
 A terror that he wished to quell,
 Yet could not break the powerful spell.

'Tis his, that footstep, heard alone,
 Slow-pacing o'er the floor of stone ;
 But on that silent night—Oh ! there,
 Break words unknown to midnight prayer—
 From whom ? (but that can not be told ;
 Time may, perchance, the truth unfold).
 Dark mutterings strike the listening ear,
 Produced by more than mortal fear.
 To solve the mystery, stern and slow,
 The chieftain seeks the shore below ;
 And standing on the wave-washed strand,
 Sees Seva and his wizard band.

“ Upon the shore, in secret cave,
 We light the magic fire !
 At dead of night,
 Perform the rite—
 A chief goes forth in ire !

“ A deed's to do beneath the moon !—
 They have wak'd the sea-king's wrath ;
 And where he goes,
 The red stream flows,
 To dye the warrior's path !

“ Throw in, throw in ! the charm works well,
 For Ulric's deadly game !
 'Twill soon be played,
 Dark lowers the shade,
 And brightly burns the flame !

" Ha ! ha ! in Seva's secret cave
 Doth rage the magic fire !
 See ! how they come !
 Spirits of doom !
 A chief goes forth in ire ! "

" What mean ye, fools ? your hellish rite
 Doth scare the sea-bird from his height ;
 And where a midnight's silence hung
 On rock and glen, is loosed a tongue
 Might rouse the sleeper from his bed,
 E'en though he slumbered with the dead !
 What, Seva ! in thy madman's brain,
 Hath conjured up this demon train ?
 Say, doth the spell bind friend or foe—
 Briefly, old man—for weal or woe ?
 We place no credence in thy art ;
 Yet would we see thee act thy part,
 As may become good wizardry—
 What have we here ?—whose destiny ? "

Slowly the prophet waved his wand,
 Then held aloft a flaming brand :—
 " Bold chief ! to scorn our power divine !
 Approach ! the destiny is thine ! "

" What see'st thou now ? "

" A scornful heart,
 Transfixed with ever-torturing dart.
 Pride, from inquiring eyes around,
 All-skilful, hides the bleeding wound.

This night it bleeds afresh—the day
 Shall see thee victor in the fray ;
 And other hearts shall bleed—but thine
 Shall have an hour of bliss divine ! ”

* * * *

“ Must it no more ?—Oh, heavens ! how pale
 Thou turn’st, old man ! on with thy tale
 With speed ! or, if thou dare refuse,
 My sword shall disenchant thy muse ! ”

“ Take, then, thy choice—a *higher power*
 Than mine, o’errules the present hour :
 I would thy wish had been less bold,
 But if thou wilt and dar’st—behold ! ”

* * * *

“ They’re gone ! all vanish’d in thin air !
 The forms I witnessed hovering there !
 Oh ! ’twas a sight to chill the blood !
 Methinks it augurs not of good.
 But shall I blench ?—be still, rebellious heart !
 The soul unconquered, fate alone can thwart.
 And now I go ! my faithful band
 Await me on th’ appointed strand.
 Seva ! thy incantation past,
 Now light me forth—the moon’s o’ercast.
 Farewell ! I hear the hum of men
 Borne on the night-breeze up the glen :—
 And sweeter music owns not Ulric’s mind ;
 He goes—but leaves thy phantoms all behind ! ”

* * * *

Oh! sweet spot of earth! where that sun seldom rose,
Which found thee not sleeping in calmest repose!
And roused thee to gladden thy child's waking eye,
Like primeval Eden in verdure and dye:

Where the moon never looked from the brow of the
night,

But to scatter around sweetest phantoms of light,
Each breath is a fragrance, each sound is a song,
And life, like a pleasant dream, glideth along:
Where the young lovers wander and muse on their
bliss,

And think "if there be an Elysium 'tis this!"

Where the little ones sport on the emerald banks,
Or play, in the laughing streams, infantile pranks;
Their eager eye watching the rich golden glow,
The bright god of day on its bosom can throw:
Or shadows of trees or of light clouds that come,
As if to remind them, all light has its gloom—
An image of life, in the first age of seven;
The shadows of earth on the brightness of heaven.
Sweet vale! could it be, that the demon of war,
E'er dragged o'er thy bosom, the wheels of his car?

The moon had scarce withdrawn her beams
From off the dale's meandering streams,
When, slowly, a dark column wound
Along its side, with so profound
A silence hanging o'er its way,
That like some cloud it seemed to stray.

But eyes there are, that mark it well,
 And on the moving darkness dwell
 With keen inquiry, fixed and stern ;
 Prepared for all they yet may learn.
 See ! now the rippling brook they near,
 The splash of water strikes the ear.—
 “Hark ! heard ye that ?”

“ ’Tis but the breeze
 Whispering among the neighbouring trees.”

“On ! on ! we near the Saxon’s hall !”
 “Hush ! there again ! a voice ! a call !
 That was no Dane the silence broke !
 These accents ? whose the voice that spoke ?
 Ah ! lights are flashing down the vale :
 Yonder, with shining breast of mail,
 Lord Winfred heads the ready foe !” —

Up rose stern Ulric—on his brow,
 More dark than was his sable plume,
 Sat vengeance, mixed with deepening gloom.
 Yet ’twas a gloom so calm, that when
 He gave the word, “Advance !” his men,
 Who eager to the onslaught sprung,
 Heard nought unusual from his tongue :
 ’Twas still the stern, unruffled tone,
 That ere that hour their ears had known ;
 And when the flickering “balefire” shed
 Its brightness o’er their chieftain’s head,
 They marked—but from his eye there broke,
 Nought that of inward anger spoke.

Once, when he saw his plans betrayed,
 A slight flush o'er his visage played ;
 Or, such it seemed—yet might have been
 The warning balefire's ruddy sheen ;
 'Twas but a moment, and his look
 Its former air of sternness took.
 What feelings lay within, concealed,
 The dark exterior ne'er revealed,
 And none were there who cared to learn ;
 Enough—he was their chieftain stern ;
 And scrutiny dared not intrude
 Upon Lord Ulric's haughty mood.

Now, much-wronged England, now's the time
 To cancel the long debt of crime.
 Hold well thy ground—they come ! they come !
 How many shall but find a tomb !—
 What means that pause ? Around their ears
 Whizzes a storm of darts and spears :
 And twenty warriors, on the plain,
 With their best blood its verdure stain.
 Again, again ! a deadly shower,
 From well-skilled hands, is heard to pour ;
 And death, with grim delight, attends,
 Though night the lurking band defends.
 Yet still the Dane, with aspect bold,
 Draws nearer to the Saxon hold :
 Yet scarce has left the plain below,
 When springs an ambush on the foe ;
 And right and left the charge is made—
 Sweeps each strong arm its battle-blade !

“ Out with the lights ! let darkness spread
Her sable pall o’er every head.”

Then rose the war-cry, fierce and shrill,
As wildly rushing down the hill,
With thundering sound and headlong force,
On Ulric’s band burst Winfred’s horse.
Onward, through ranks asunder riven,
They dash, by hate and fury driven ;
The Danes, in wild confusion thrown,
Now waver, then are trodden down !

Quick from his baldric Ulric drew
His bugle, and the note he blew,
Rising above the fight’s alarms,
Is answered by his friends in arms.
E’en those who wavered rally now,
With stern defiance on their brow ;
Whilst Ulric’s voice and deadly hand
Bring back the ardour of the band,
Who, like a rock that breasts the flood,
Embodied in firm phalanx stood.
There they may fall, but will not fly—
With their stern chief resolved to die !
“ Stand firm,” he cries, “ and wait the light,
When Orla’s troops will join the fight !”

Still round, the daring Saxon hung ;
Still to that spot the foemen clung :
Three times the dreadful charge was made,
And where the horrid gap displayed

Its dire effect, 'twas quickly closed,
 And a firm front was still opposed :
 Whilst Saxon cheer and Danish yell,
 Upon the ear commingled fell.

The twilight struggles with the gloom,
 As through the fleeting darkness loom
 Brave Orla's warriors, pressing where
 The sounds of battle fill the air.

"One effort more—if 'tis the last!"
 Cried Winfred, as himself he cast,
 (Followed by each red blade and hand,)
 Upon that self-devoted band,
 Who now, beneath that dreadful charge,
 Despite the power of spear and targe,
 Disordered—break, disperse, and fly!

"On, on! secure our victory!"

Blind with success, right on they drive,
 Resolved to leave no foe alive.
 Yet some fly not, but fighting stand
 Firm to the last, a daring band ;
 Inflicting, with their latest breath,
 Silent and home, the stroke of death !

There Ulric's arm is warring yet,
 Though faint, by gathering foes beset ;
 Like wounded lion in his lair,
 He fights, resolved to perish there.
 He will not yield to fate, nor fly,
 But dare the worst, and daring—die !

Still headlong dashed the Saxon horse,
 And strewed with dead their murderous course.
 The thirst for vengeance which inspired
 Their swelling breasts, with victory fired,
 Has stopt their ears to Winfred's call
 To turn, and guard their threatened Hall :
 Nor see they Orla's gathering host,
 Till hope of safe retreat is lost !
 One desperate act—'tis all remains :—
 They form, and charge the circling Danes !
 One awful surge—and through the rank,
 They burst and gain the friendly bank.

Where gory heaps of ghastly dead,
 Proclaim the horrid work has sped,
 Stands Ulric, leaning on his brand—
 A welcome sight to Orla's band—
 Though not unscathed by Saxon hand.
 Almost alone the chieftain stood,
 Grim with his own and others' blood.
 He welcomes Orla—" Onward speed !
Our turn has come and *they* must bleed ;
 For these, my warriors, lowly laid,
 A tenfold vengeance must be paid ;—
 Who spares a Saxon in the strife,
 Shall answer for it with his life ! "

The sun, on hill, and dale, and stream,
 Is sporting with meridian beam :
 One blaze of light he seems to pour,
 Where deepest night had dwelt before ;

The calm, blue deep, all tremulous, glows,
 Beneath the smile the god bestows.
 But where the eyes of yesterday,
 So proudly glancing in its ray ?
 The warrior's eyes are closed and dim ;
 That sun may shine, but not for him :
 And those there are, on that red plain,
 Who wish his beams withdrawn again.

But hark ! whence come those dreadful cries ?
 Lo ! volumed smoke ascends the skies,
 And hovering o'er the fated hall,
 Hangs like a dark funereal pall.
 Th' exulting Danes, in close array,
 Shout round their still undaunted prey.
 None sues for mercy—that were shame—
 Dishonour on the Saxon name ;
 And well they knew that prayer were vain,
 If offered to a conquering Dane.

“ But shall we, fighting, here remain,
 And fighting die ?—or charge our foes,
 Who everywhere our flight oppose ?
 Some may break through and gain the heath ;
 If not, we die a noble death !
 Then, through these walls of flame and smoke,
 On to the charge ! ”—thus Winfred spoke.

One moment's breathing, forth they rush,
 Fiercer than pent-up waters gush
 From out the bursting gates,

And, roaring, seek the gloomy deep—
 So onward, with wild cries, they sweep—

What foe unmoved awaits ?

Though dwindled to a scanty few,
 Upon the circling Danes they flew ;
 Whilst every look, and cry, and blow,
 Wrought dire effect upon the foe.

Yet must they fall ! the good, the brave !—
 Though, like the bark that ploughs the wave,
 That little band of Saxon pride
 Dashes th' insulting foe aside !
 But swarming foes choke up the slippery way,
 Numbers are slain, yet more remain to slay ;
 Now worn with toil, all hope of rescue past,
 Some, back to back, still combat to the last :
 Then sink, exhausted by the blows they gave,
 Into the warrior's lone, but honoured grave.

'Twas o'er ! no foe remained to kill !
 Vengeance and Ulric drank their fill :
 Yet calm the Danish leader stood,
 And eyed that scene—a scene of blood ;
 A victor ! yet his bosom kept
 Its calm—if joy there were, it slept.
 His eye is on the flaming hall,
 Bending and tottering to its fall ;
 While lust of plunder lures his crew
 To deeds that brigands only do ;
 Nor scarce the wild and raging flame,
 Their eager selfishness can tame.

Yet, all unheeded, Ulric's gaze
 Is fixed, where flames their columns raise
 Triumphant to the blushing sky,
 As glorying in their victory.

"Why doth he start and gaze entranced
 Just now he hurriedly advanced,
 As if to snatch, with friendly care,
 Some cherished object, suffering there :
 'Tis something strange that chafes his mood"—
 So Roland mused, nor longer stood,
 For, at that instant, brighter grew
 The flames, revealing it to view.

"Oh God! 'tis she! my—"

"Peace, boy, peace!

Dar'st thou the traitoress release?
 By heaven!"—in vain the threat he gave;
 The youthful Roland flew to save:
 Stern Ulric's voice regarded not,
 Or if he heard, at once forgot.
 Whate'er had caused his wild dismay,
 'Twas strong enough to wing his way
 With speed that would not brook control.
 Well Ulric knew that fiery soul,
 And prized it for its innate worth.
 Unknown the secret of his birth;
 Yet there was something in his mien
 Which told it had not vulgar been.
 'Twas said e'en Ulric's soul could bend
 To Roland, as a friend to friend:

That when they deemed themselves alone,
 His voice would take a softer tone,
 And they would speak, at such a time,
 The language of a warmer clime.
 Whence came the youth they could not guess,
 Nor why his love of loneliness,
 Which shut him out from all beside
 Their dreaded chief. Could it be pride ?
 They thought not—for his look, though high,
 E'er beamed upon them courteously.
 Few were his words, yet always kind,
 The promptings of a noble mind :
 When he conversed, each favoured Dane
 Would long to hear him speak again.
 Slender his frame, yet strength and grace
 Were pictured in his form and face.
 Calm and sedate, his usual mood,
 Till something chanced to stir his blood ;
 Then, o'er that smooth and olive cheek,
 The workings of the heart would speak ;
 And fire would flash from that dark eye,
 Like lightning from a midnight sky.
 Amid the battle's fierce alarms,
 He showed no common skill in arms ;
 And more than once 'twas said his blow,
 Rid Ulric of a dangerous foe !

* * * *

Within a lonely chamber lay
 A fair-haired youth, whose blue eye's ray,
 Was passing swift from earth away !

'Twas Sivrid, Winfred's hope and pride,
 Whose life was welling through his side.
 Why died he not in battle slain ?
 Why tortured thus with lingering pain ?—
 And more than all—that horrid doom—
 Imprisoned in a burning tomb !

O'er him, in silent agony,
 A slight form bends with tearless eye ;
 A white arm clasps his neck around,
 A fair hand tends the gushing wound,
 While tresses of dark, raven hair,
 Dishevelled, veil a mute despair.

Fancy might deem that silent one
 A breathless monumental stone,
 But that, at intervals, the start,
 The pressing to her heaving heart

The dying warrior's drooping head,
 As if to say, "we must not part,"

 Showed all of life had not yet fled.

In that distraction of the mind,
 Are feelings of that dreadful kind
 Which find no heart on which to throw
 The burden of their voiceless woe.

If thou hast watched the trembling spark,
 O'er life's dread verge, ere all grew dark ;
 That eye, whose mildly beaming light
 Could cheer thee in the darkest night ;
Thy star upon life's troubled stream,
 Withdraw from thee its cheering beam ;
 That voice, whose faintest sound could thrill,
 Now heard no more—(its music still !)

The loved form reft of beauty's bloom,
 Waiting its heritage—the tomb—
 Then know'st thou what that maiden felt,
 Who by the dying Sivrid knelt !

“ Fly, fly ! Gunhilda ! thou may'st live !
 Thy sire may yet thy fault forgive !
 With me 'tis over ! Over now
 Life's hope and doubt, its joy and woe !
 Oh, fly ! while yet thou hast the time,
 And ease his bosom of a crime.
 I die ! yet, on the plains above,
 Shall meet thee and renew our love.”

She answered not—still fixed her look—
 Though anguish deep her spirit shook :
 And when young Sivrid's soul had fled,
 And backward fell the lifeless head,
 Still knelt she, with a mournful air
 Of sorrow mingled with despair.

* * * * *

The daring Roland still pursued
 His path amidst the scene of blood !
 O'er many a noble foe he stept,
 That, all unheeding, sternly slept.
 From room to room he held his way,
 And gained the one where Sivrid lay—
 Then paused and gazed—upon his breast
 Gunhilda's head is seen to rest.
 With both seemed past all human woes,
 In one deep, loving, calm repose !

Yet still she heaves unconscious breath—
 Most happy, if 'twere hushed in death,
 And she might sleep without the woe
 Awaiting her lone heart below.
 Why should she live, when he had gone,
 And left her what she was—alone—
 So young, so truthful, and so fair,
 That crushing of the heart to bear ?
 They grew together as twin flowers,
 That bloom in summer's leafy bowers,
 Till some rude hand plucks one away,
 And leaves the other to decay ;
 All desolate it hangs its head,
 And droops upon its lonely bed :—
 E'en so the hand that reft these twain apart,
 Had wrung the life-blood from Gunhilda's heart !

What horsemen yonder leave the dale ?
 'Tis Roland and brave Oscytel :
 Each bears before him, in his flight,
 What seems a Dane—a wounded knight.
 “ What ho ! pursue them on their way
 With utmost speed, and take or slay ! ”
 Backward the foremost warriors drew,
 While darker turned each dark cheek's hue !
 On other task, if he command,
 All will obey with heart and hand.
 Stern and collected Ulric stood,
 And calmly marked their changeful mood.
 “ How now ? why stand ye idly here ?
 They are not what they now appear :

Draw off your men, their work is done—
 Meet at the fort at set of sun—
 Now, Othin ! Gorm ! with me away :
 'The traitor's speed brooks no delay.'

Away, away ! for life they ride,
 And blood must stain each courser's side.
 The heath is gained, and backward throw
 The youths their gaze—as yet no foe
 Appears in view ; “ Yet no delay ;
 We need fair start to win our way ! ”
 And well essays each generous steed
 To serve them in their hour of need :
 With flowing mane and flashing eye,
 Along the heathery course they fly ;
 And soon may reach the woodland side,
 Where Esk's meandering waters glide.
 But hark ! who thunders in the rear ?
 “ We are pursued !—ha !—Ulric here !
 'Tis well ”—and Roland's lip compressed
 And brow contracted, told the rest.
 The dark blush mantling on his cheek,
 And flashing eye his feelings speak :
 Silent he stood, prepared for all
 His heart had whispered might befall ;
 And though but young, his visage showed,
 That in his heart true courage glowed.
 On that pale face a look he cast
 One moment—as though 'twere the last ;
 And as the breathless form he eyed
 With grief, in tenderest accents cried :—

“My sister ! dearest ! wake not now,
Nor know thou Ulric, Roland’s foe !
Here will I hold thee to my heart—
Us they may kill, but shall not part.
Woe to the man who lifts his blade
O’er mine or my Gunhilda’s head !
Heaven may not yet permit to save,
But other blood shall dye our grave.”

Tu vois nos pressants dangers ;
Donne à ton nom la victoire ;
Ne souffre point que ta gloire
Passe à des dieux étrangers.

RACINE.

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf !
The battle of our life is brief,
Th' alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we side by side.

LONGFELLOW.

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RAVEN HILL.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

The beauties of the Esk—the chapel of the monks—the Saxon chief's appeal—the lay of the minstrel—the surprise—Ulric in pursuit—the fugitives overtaken—the Holmgang, or duel, prevented by Winfred, the Saxon chief—Lady Winfred's grief—the vespers—Ulric borne into the chapel mortally wounded—the summit of the Viking's ambition—madness of Gunhilda—Ulric's confession—shows who Roland and Gunhilda are—Ulric's death.

'Tis sweet by the beautiful Esk to stray,
And list to the music its waters play ;
When at sultry noon, in the fragrant shades,
Come the soft, low sounds of its bright cascades,
Whose silvery dew's thrown wide on the air,
Fall soothingly cool on the breast of care.
Yet sweeter at evening's shadowy hour,
As the mellowing light gilds tree and flower,
And the perfumed breeze is kissing the stream,
Like a spirit of bliss in a heaven-born dream ;

When the solemn woods and rocks look down,
 In the twilight hour, with a hue of brown ;
 And Vesper, the lone forerunner of night,
 Shines pensively down on the wood-crowned height.
 But sweetest of all, when the moon is high,
 And walking, in glory, the cloudless sky ;
 When softly descends her silvery beam,
 Like the foot of an angel on woodland stream.
 O talk not to me of the lands where shine,
 More glorious spots than this loved one of mine,
 More famed by the minstrel—it may be so,
 But the spirit of beauty is here, I trow !

I had a dream, a lovely dream !

I stood upon the margin of the river,
 Whose clear and fertilizing stream,
 Flows on, and on, unchangingly, for ever !

The sun had sunk to rest behind the sea ;

Th' unclouded moon with an attendant star,
 Looked o'er the woodlands calmly down on me,
 As though they came to me from realms afar !
 And Esk, sweet Esk ! my own dear native stream,
 Shone like a mirror in the silver beam,

And murmured forth her soothing melody ;
 While, ever and anon, some lone bird's hymn
 Woke up the echoes of the moonlit dale,
 Wishing one "good-night !" more to wood and
 stream ;

Then ceased, and all was calm repose—the gale

Laden with richest perfume passed me by,
 And, wanton, on the bright, rejoicing tide,
 Like a young lover, kissed it, whisperingly,
 Until it trembled as some maiden bride !
 Then broke the tender breathings of a flute
 On the still night—or rather did not break
 But mingled with it—and the air stood mute
 Around the lonely Orpheus, who did make
 Such soul-subduing harmonies, that when
 He ceased, a deeper silence seemed to reign,
 As if expecting those sweet sounds again !—
 But saving these, 'twas silence everywhere—
 An hour of beauty, given to love and prayer !

Then busy memory, from her caverns deep,
 Brought back my childhood's pleasures, long
 since riven :—
 Hearts that had long been hush'd in death's cold sleep,
 Souls long declared the citizens of heaven.

Again we gambolled by the river's side,
 And chased the butterfly or humming bee ;
 Or watched our little barks skim o'er the tide,
 Or plunged into its depths with boisterous glee,
 And every heart and thought were bathed in light—
 Such light as knew no shadowing of gloom.
 Right merry were we then ! and when the night,
 Ushered by deep blue evening on had come,
 As we did hasten home with noisy mirth,
 We deemed that spot a very heaven on earth !

A change came o'er my dream ! again I stood
 By that sweet river, but my heart was sad !
 My youth's companions who were tried and good
 Were far away !—one and another had
 Begun the world, and I was there alone,
 Upon the margin of our glorious river,
 The last ! and I, soon also shall be gone,
 To say farewell ! for years—perhaps for ever !

And years did roll away—upon its shore
 Again I stood—but this time not alone ;
 My days of wild and careless joys were o'er,
 And early friends were either dead or gone ;
 Yet there was mingled now a sweeter bliss—
 She, whom I loved, unto my soul was given,
 Nor vain regrets usurped an hour like this—
 An hour partaking less of earth than heaven !

Again there came a change ! ages had passed !
 And friends—aye, e'en the earth itself had
 changed
 Since I, and those I loved, had stood there last :
 The works of man had all received their doom,
 And lo ! forms bright as were the stars, now ranged
 The river's banks, or with the golden plume
 Outstretched, moved to delicious music, o'er
 Its sparkling bosom ! Oh ! 'twas such a sight
 As eye of man had never seen before !
 One of those radiant beings near me drew—
 Of him I asked the meaning, and he said :—

“Behold ! I do create all things anew ”—
 And smiled—I turned to look—but all had fled !—
 Yet faintly, even now, I seem to hear
 Those soft melodious tones strike on my waking ear !

Within the shelter of a wood,
 Fast by the winding Esk, there stood
 A lonely pile, devotion’s shrine,
 Where simple faith sought grace divine.
 ’Twas something sweet to look upon—
 The fir’s dark shadow round it thrown,
 While fair, upon its beauteous crest,
 The day’s unclouded glories rest ;
 An emblem of the good man’s way,
 Around whose feet earth’s shadows play,
 Yet bright upon his victor brow,
 The lights of heaven immortal glow.
 Did e’er the wintry storm invade
 The precincts of that sacred shade ?—
 Point through the cloud, asunder riven,
 That spire—like holy life—to heaven ?
 The traveller, on the moorland wild,
 When he beheld its beauties smiled,
 As, sudden, on his raptured eye,
 It flashed in solemn majesty :
 As heaven, upon a world of pain
 Has often done—and will again !

’Twas here, where all that could delight
 The fancy and enchant the sight,

Hung o'er his harp an aged man :—
 At intervals his fingers wan
 Flew o'er the chords—then all was still,
 Save echo on the distant hill.
 Well could he rouse the martial fire,
 Or gentle peace, or love inspire.
 The warrior, ere the martial fray,
 Would hang enraptured o'er his lay,
 Whilst proudly swelled his manly heart,
 To tones the minstrel could impart.
 Full oft would smiling beauty listen,
 As on her cheek the pearl-drops glisten,
 To tales of love 'neath warmer skies,
 Where brighter suns and moons arise,
 Of joys and loves of earlier years,
 Sung with deep feeling—oft with tears !

“Minstrel ! can'st thou not wake some strain,
 To calm this hour of agony ?
 This breaking heart, this burning brain,
 May own thy soothing harmony !
 Oft have I felt the weight of woe,
 But never—never sank so low !”

THE LAY OF THE MINSTREL.

“When the night is darkest round thee,
When thy friends are gone,
When relentless foes have found thee,
Helpless and alone—
Warrior! in the gloomy hour,
Look to heaven and trust its power!

“When the earth no more can bless thee
With a smile or tear,
When dark, saddening thoughts oppress thee,
When despair is near—
Warrior! in the gloomy hour,
Look to heaven and trust its power!

“Though the night be dark, the morrow
Glimmers o’er the hill;
He who gave thy soul its sorrow,
Can give peace—and will:—
Warrior! in the gloomy hour,
Look to heaven and trust its power!”

Thus sang the bard his ancient melody,
And the dark spirit left the chieftain free.
Further he would have sung, but on the ear
Fell the loud tramp of hoofs approaching near.

Swift to his steed th’ astonished Winfred bounds,
And scans the dale —still nearer come the sounds;

And bursting on the warrior's sight,
 Two youths are seen in headlong flight.
 Each bears upon his saddle bow
 The lifeless form of friend or foe ;
 Whilst, quick, three others, from the steep,
 Down its dark face all wildly sweep.
 The foremost now are on the plain,
 And prick their burdened steeds amain.
 What can this mean ? 'Twould seem they fly
 From those that follow—Hark ! the cry
 That summons the pursued to yield,
 Is uttered by a knight with flaming shield.

“ 'Tis he ! 'tis he ! well met, foul foe !
 By heaven ! thou shalt not 'scape me now.
 Sivrid, my boy ! thy debt is paid,
 If err not now my hand and blade.”

As thus the Saxon chieftain spoke,
 The wind blew off the ample cloak
 Which wrapt the nearest horseman's care—
 O God ! what form beholds he there ?

“ 'Tis hers ! 'tis hers ! I see it all—
 Rescued by Roland from the hall !”

Better to brave the lion's wrath,
 Than cross the gloomy tyrant's path :
 The chapel seems their aim—well done !
 Brave, noble youths ! 'twill soon be won !

Quick, Roland, quick! and mount thy steed,
 For never hadst thou greater need!
 The vengeful Ulric checks his rein,
 His arrow flies across the plain;—
 One piercing neigh—one fearful bound—
 The courser bites the blood-stained ground:
 But all unscathed the youth arose,
 And waits the onset of his foes.
 No craven was young Oseytel,
 To leave his comrade where he fell;
 But, springing to young Roland's side,
 They stand, for life or death, allied.

“Boy! thou hast crossed my path, though few
 Have done so without cause to rue;
 Yet for the love I bear thee still,
 I pause ere I would do thee ill.
 Give up the ingrate who betrayed,
 Or be the peril on thy head.
 Yield, Roland! and I grant thee life—
 But death, if thou prolong the strife!”


“Grant what is thine to grant proud chief!
 But add not insult to my grief.
 I ask no favour of thee—none
 Which chivalry would blush to own.
 Look on the victims of thy hate,
 And say, what would'st thou add to fate?
 Them saved I, from the appointed doom:
 They now await a calmer tomb!

Would'st thou deny them this ? Oh, shame !
Dishonour on thy knightly fame !
Thy threats, thy offers I disdain—
Roland his purpose can maintain."

Thus, with his dark, keen eye intent
On Ulric, and with soul unbent,
The daring youth his heart unveiled,
To him before whom veterans quailed.

Nor brow, nor cheek showed signs of ire,
Nor glanced his eye with angry fire ;
Without a frown, without a word,
Far flashed on high the chieftain's sword,
And down, like lightning, swift descends—
But Roland's ready blade defends.
Well trained was he his arms to wield,
As seen on that last dreadful field.
Though great the odds against him now,
His thrust and feint, his guard and blow,
Were given in such deliberate mood,
As if 'twere not a strife of blood.

Strange seemed it thus, 'twixt youth and age :
Nought seen on either side like rage ;
Nought heard, save the clear ringing blade,
That woke the echoes of the glade ;
While firm-set lip and lowering brow
Did more than empty words avow.



“Hold ! who yon knight that hither rides,
 And spurs so fierce his courser’s sides ?
 No friendly errand his, I ween,
 On such that crest is rarely seen.
 Chieftain to horse ! ’tis Winfred near,
 His war-cry strikes the sentinel’s ear.”

“Away ! ’tis now too late for flight,
 And we must dare unequal fight.”

“Put up your swords—I seek but one,
 And ask no hand to aid my own.
 Ulric ! we try this strife alone :
 Look on thy death !—e’er sinks the day,
 My wrongs shall half be wiped away !”

* * * * *

“He comes not, father ! yet the sun
 His rapid course hath nearly run.
 When, when shall pitying heaven remove
 These woes, and give us peace and love ?
 The dew is trembling on the grass ;
 And night’s dark shadows fall—alas !
 How like our own dear country’s doom,
 Involved in darkness, clouds, and gloom.
 Why comes he not ? O, father ! say,
 What think’st thou keeps my lord away ?
 My heart misgives—hark ! voices there.”

“Kneel, daughter ! ’tis the hour of prayer :

Kneel, kneel, my child ! for prayer has power
 To soothe thee in the trying hour.
 How sweet that music falls around,
 All undisturbed by other sound :
 They come ! those voices, soft and low,
 Like seraphs' o'er a scene of woe ! ”

H Y M N .

“ Now the golden beam is sleeping,
 In the glowing west ;
 And the star of eve is keeping
 Watch above the rest.
 Silence o'er the earth is stealing,
 Incense fills the air ;
 Wake, my soul ! to holy feeling ;
 'Tis the hour of prayer !
 Day is sinking, mortal, bend,
 Let thy thoughts to heaven ascend !

“ Now the mist is on the mountain,
 Darkness in the vale,
 O'er the glassy stream and fountain,
 Noiseless shadows sail.
 Night has come ! O God ! defend us,
 With thy matchless power ;
 Let thy ministers attend us,
 Through the lonely hour :
 May thy shield be o'er our head,
 And thine arm around us spread.

"On thy bosom, calm reclining,
 Shall worn nature sleep ;
 And, as stars of evening shining
 On the tranquil deep,
 Watching o'er life's passing billow
 Eyes that never close,
 Guard the slumberer's lonely pillow,
 And his soul's repose :
 Keep us, till our dream is o'er,
 And we wake to sleep no more ! "

Slowly and sadly they bear him on—
 Though stern in heart—the dying one !
 And heavy the sound of their martial tramp,
 As they pass o'er the vale, now dark and damp.

"He has fallen, at last, in the glorious strife,
 And the brave soul pants for its future life :
 In immortal youth and on pinions fleet,
 The ethereal forms of Valhallah to greet ! " 6

"Peace, Viking, peace ! now bear him in ;
 For little reck we of his creed of sin."

And the father draws near to the chieftain's side,
 And will be to his peaceful cell the guide ;
 He has marked, and knows that the leech is vain,
 But 'twill soothe the sufferer's hour of pain,
 Within these hallowed walls to lie,
 And there to heave life's latest sigh.

"I thank thee, priest ! but now 'tis past,
 And well thou deem'st this night my last !
 Too short a space for aught of ill
 To atone, which life would cherish still.
 Though mine has been a chequered scene,
 I would be all that I have been.
 Thy "White Christ" * suits me not—away !
 A bauble, but for dotard's play.
 Nay, father, nay ! thou need'st not start !
 I would not wound thy generous heart.
 I die ! all must—who can evade
 The doom that hangs o'er every head ?
 And that to all decreed, is mine—
 Why should I, father, now repine ?
 To such a death my soul aspired,
 And Ulric has what he desired : †
 A day of conquest ! and at night
 The victor spirit plumed for flight.
 Old man ! 'tis worth the pang—to die
 Clasped in the arms of victory !
 And come what may of weal or woe,
 I have been blest, and quail not now.

"He sleeps ! I've watched his couch this hour :
 Oh, fearful sleep ! what unseen power
 Wrings out those words of dark despair ?
 Saint Cuthbert ! † what a sigh was there !

* The Crucifix was always styled "White Christ" by the Danes.

† St. Cuthbert was a bishop of Lindisfairn, of great repute.

What might that heaving breast unfold
 Of passion's tempest, uncontrolled,
 Which virtue sought in vain to tame,
 Now circling the torn heart with flame.
 Oh conscience ! thine's a fearful power,
 Acknowledged in the soul's last hour :—
 For none can fathom, none can tell
 The tortures of that bosom's hell,
 Where thou, arising from thy tomb,
 Bring'st forth to light the deeds of gloom.
 But soft—he wakes."

"Come hither, friar !

But see that first all else retire.—
 So—all are gone ; now come thou near.
 Did'st mark me while I slept ? Did'st hear ?

Father ! mine is a tale of woe ;
 But mark me ; 'tis not that my grief
 Seeks from thy creed, or thee, relief.

Thou would'st absolve me ;—that I know ;
 But think'st thou that a life of crime
 Could be atoned for in the time
 Vouchsafed to me ?—an easy way,
 Forsooth, th' Avenger to repay !
 In laying bare my troubled breast,
 I do not seek thy heaven—but rest !
 Rest ! yes—'twill soothe me to reveal
 To thee, the wound thou can'st not heal.
 Then listen ! for my fleeting breath
 Will soon be hushed by ruthless death.

He paused—for on his startled ear,
Now fell the sound of footsteps near.

Wild ! frantic ! past the monk, who stood
To bar her path, Gunhilda hied,
Till near the dying Ulric's side

She stood, and gazed in mournful mood.
But there was something in her look,
The dying chieftain ill could brook.

“ Gunhilda ! girl ! what dost thou here ? ”—
He asked, in tones, it seemed, of fear.

All gentleness, the maiden knelt,
Yet in her eye a wildness dwelt,
Both strange and fraught with mystery !—

“ Look on, rash sire, and answer—‘ Why ? ’ ”
And soft as saint at midnight prayer,
She breathed strange fancies to the air,
Of bleeding Sivrid on the plain,
Rescued by her to bleed again ;
Of plans betrayed and vengeful Dane ;
Of battle's stern and fierce alarms—
The dying pillowed in her arms—
The red, ascending, murderous flame—
And him—she, shuddering, will not name !

“ Good father ! bear her hence—I feel
Death's icy chillness o'er me steal,
And memory flashes on my brain
A scene I would not view again.”

“Nay, urge me not! I will not fly!
 ’Twere better far with thee to die!
 Come! lay thy head upon my breast,
 And I will soothe thy soul to rest.

“Hush! softly! speak not! or you break
 A slumber that should never wake.
 Sivrid! my love! why hast thou gone
 And left Gunhilda all alone!
 Oh stay! or let me share thy fate;—
 He’s gone—and I am desolate.

“My sire! ha, ha! who talks of sire?
 ’Twas he that set this brain on fire!—
 E’en Sivrid’s icy hand would fail
 To quench this flame unquenchable.

“They told me that lord Ulric fell,
 Slain by the Saxon in the dell;
 Yet, sooth to say, though I can blame
 I would not wound my father’s name;
 And if ’twould cheer his gloomy grave
 Would say, Gunhilda all forgave,
 And that her broken heart’s last prayer,
 Was that he might find mercy *there*!

“Away! I never more may sleep!
 Would that my burning eyes could weep—
 That I might shed a single tear,
 To warm my lost, loved Sivrid’s bier!

“Sleep! aye, old man, when I recline,
 Unheedful of the things that twine
 Around my heart, this aching head
 Shall calmly share his peaceful bed.—
 O Ulric! kill—for thou can’st kill—
 And let this throbbing brow be still.”

How felt the chieftain?—to his soul
 Memory unfolds the fatal scroll.—

“’Twas thus she looked, ’twas thus she prayed,
 When my avenging hand had laid
 Anselmo—fair Salerno’s pride—
 Dead at her feet—his youthful bride!
 Why did I slay him? Ask thy heart,
 (If thou hast loved,) how thou could’st part
 With all that blest thy lot below?
 All I could give I did bestow—
 A heart, whose every thought was thine,
 Lost Laura!—Oh, hadst thou been mine,
 How changed might all have been to me!
 Bright star of Ulric’s destiny—
 That set in night—midst deepest gloom
 Nor left me but the warrior’s tomb.

“When my last cheering hope was lost,
 I left Italia’s fatal coast,⁸
 And to thy loved romantic shore,
 Fair Greece! my ruined fortunes bore.
 With nought to love I’d nought to fear,
 And deeds of bold emprise were here.

The fiery souls at my command,
 Ne'er failed my desperate heart and hand.
 We won a name—a name of fear,
 Which some e'en yet may pale to hear !
 But was I happy then ? Ah, no!—
 Still present in my weal or woe,
 In peace, in peril, calm or storm,
 My cherished idol, Laura's form !
 Where'er I went, no hope, no rest—
 A serpent gnawing at my breast.
 I courted death on every field,
 But adverse fate's impervious shield,
 Around me thrown, denied me this—
 Oh, in those lands it had been bliss !
 I, scathless, left them, and 'again
 My galley bounded o'er the main ;
 Till, off the shore I could not fly,
 I thought once more to see—and die !
 Yet this I swear, 'twas not revenge
 For Laura lost, that wrought a change.
 No ! had I known 'twould work her woe,
 Salerno ne'er had seen my prow ;
 But rather, deep beneath the wave
 I'd sunk, than given one hope of hers a grave !

“ Fresh from the war, with victory crowned,
 Myself an honoured guest I found,
 In proudest halls, 'mid beauty's train,
 Where, though still felt, I hid my pain.

Weeks rolled away, unfolding nought
 Of her my withered heart had sought.
 The ready bark, within the bay,
 But waited the approach of day
 To bear me to my native land,
 And I had given the parting hand,
 When from the prince a vassal bore
 A pressing summons to the shore.
 What was it whispered in my ear,
 That warning of some danger near ?
 To tempt no more the dread domain—
 Would that it had not been in vain !
 Had I then seized the favouring gale,
 Though sad, yet different now the tale :
 Vain were regret—my stubborn heart,
 Befall what might, would not depart.
 ‘ The feast is ready—why should Ulric leave,
 Ere day, his friends, thus doomed their loss to
 grieve ?

He waits for thee within his princely hall,
 To join once more the cheerful festival.’
 ’Twas such a night as this and midnight’s hour—
 Down on the wave, and spire, and dome, and tower,
 The glorious moen was pouring her soft light,
 And the thin cloud that floated o’er the sight,
 All calm and silently beneath her glow,
 Seemed like a silver veil o’er night’s fair brow.
 Far in the distance, to the lonely grove,
 Sang the sweet bird of night his tale of love.

The fair clime's choicest perfumes, on the gale
 Were borne by sighing zephyrs down the vale ;
 O'er the hushed deep, with noiseless wing they sped,
 And kissed its trembling bosom as they fled.
 'Twas such a night !—aye, I can well recall
 That happy scene—and yet, in that high hall,
 Another met my view, that seemed more fair :—
 All that was bright and beautiful was there—
 And she I longed yet feared to meet—at last—
 Oh that we had never met— * *

 * * * “ 'Tis past—
 To know she was not mine my heart had wrung,
 But words like these ! and from Anselmo's tongue,
 I ill could brook ! wild—mad—my glove I threw
 Full in his teeth, and forth his rapier flew.
 In vain the prince and guests the strife opposed—
 We shook them off, and in our fury closed ;
 My hand was nerved with hate, but no mean foe
 Was he, who all collected, braved me now ;
 Whilst frenzy robbed me of that self command
 Which ruled so well my rival's heart and hand—
 And nearly cost me dear ! for reckless grown
 With baffled rage, I soon had been o'erthrown :
 But as, to end the fight, Anselmo pressed,
 He stumbled slightly—and thou know'st the rest.

“ Within those halls is heard the wail
 Of sorrow borne upon the gale ;

Whilst sighs to every breath are given,
 And wend their way from earth to heaven !
 The tale that quivering lip doth speak,
 Snatches the rose from beauty's cheek.
 Alas ! for all the boasted joys of earth,
 When such a morning dawns o'er night of mirth.

“ Within the dust-soiled room two forms are laid,
 Cold as the floor on which the sunbeams played—

She in my hopeless heart enshrined—
 My life ! my love ! my all below !

Lovely in that chill sleep, reclined
 A corpse beside my fallen foe :—
 The blow his manly heart had riven,
 Dismissed my Laura's soul to heaven :
 And still I lived ! when all was lost—
 Like a lone wreck on desert coast.

* * * *

“ Here came I to this land of thine,
 And nursed this secret woe of mine.
 It was not indolence I chose :—
 I'd rather be begirt by foes,

Or live in tempests on the deep,
 Than court unchanging, dull repose,
 Or idly think, and pine, and weep !—
 Besides I hold what will not sleep.

“ In yon high, rugged, mountain tower,
 I've trampled on thy adverse power ;

But let them blame me less than fate—
 Nought left to love, I nurtured hate!
 Yet shall their star, though now o'ercast,
 Burst forth and gladden all at last!
 Let but the course of strife be run,
 And Dane and Saxon meet in one,
 High o'er the nations shall this land
 The arbiter of empires stand!

* * * * *

“Come near! my eyes are filming fast—
 One moment—and then all is past;
 And I shall tread that silent shore,
 With mighty shades who've gone before.
 Of them, last night, one by me stood,
 As last I saw him in his blood:—
 Anselmo!—'Tis no dreamer's tale—
 Sternly he pointed to the dale:
 Then, smiling, vanished in the gloom—
 I knew 'twas omen of my doom.

“Nay, nay, I wander not.—In sooth,
 The present vouches for its truth.
 But *that* I meant not to impart,
 Another subject weighs my heart.
 Is Orla here?—thanks noble chief!
 I pray thee, now, restrain thy grief—
 Yet thank thee for that friendly tear:
 Nought can so grace Lord Ulric's bier.
 But mark me!—when my soul has sped,
 Seek out where the young Roland fled:

Bear him this pledge—then, father, thou
 Wilt tell him what I must forego.
 I do not ask him to forgive—
 But could I bid his lost ones live,
 This hour of death were happier far
 Than life's most cheering moments are.
 My Laura's boy ! Anselmo's pride !
 Tell him I blessed him ere I died,
 And he will think your words are strange ;
 But though he marred my just revenge,
 To save, he deemed, a sister's life,
 'Twould have gone hard if in that strife
 I'd injured him ! Fate has not willed,
 Or I had blessed him had he killed.
 But name her not—'twas *she* betrayed
 To foes, the plans our council laid.
 She found the minion on the heath,
 Whom this right hand consigned to death ;
 Thence bore him to the Saxon hall—
 My warriors' ghosts for vengeance call !
 The ties which bound her to my heart,
 Were broken by that treacherous part.
 For this dishonour on my name,
 I doomed her to th' avenging flame !
 Rescued—but captured in the dell,
 Her life had passed in prison cell !

* * * *

“ No blood of mine flows in her veins :
 No, no—'twas when our conquering Danes

Laid waste this land—the Saxon flying,
 Left us the field, the dead, the dying.
 There, smiling on me from the breast
 Of her who just had passed to rest,
 She lay! Mine was not then a heart of steel,
 Else had that look ne'er taught me how to feel!

“I nursed her in my lonely tower :—
 Aye! when our foes reproaches shower
 Upon the “tyrant Viking’s power,”
 And all thy eloquence shall fail,
 Tell thou again lord Ulric’s tale!”

Morn streaks the hills with orient light ;
 But what shall scatter Ulric’s night ?
 O’er him its sable pinions wave,
 And robed as doth become the brave, °
 He waits but for his home—the grave!

And on his own dark mountain steep,
 Fast by the lonely billow,
 He sleeps—tears, such as brave men weep,
 Bedew the chieftain’s pillow.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay ;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

TICKELL.

Farewell! I think we shall not meet again,
Till it be in that land, where never change
Is known, and those who love can part no more ;
Commend me to my mother's prayers, and say
That never man enjoyed a heavenlier peace
Than Roderick at this hour.

SOUTHEY.



RAVEN HILL.

CANTO THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Winter—the convalescent Saxon chief, on his way to the chapel, visits the grave of his son Sivrid—encounters Gunhilda and the minstrel—resignation—the death scene—the friends on earth, at such a scene, brought into close contact with the friends in heaven—the requiem—the parting of Roland and the minstrel at the grave of Gunhilda—Roland, the repairer of the breach—the minstrel's prophecy of England's future greatness—conclusion.

Time speeds!—To surly winds the leaf
Fell fast, like summer's hopes to grief;
Nature had donned her garb of brown,
And cold the noontide ray came down.
In every pleasant shady bower,
Lay withered beauteous leaf and flower.
The winds, as down the dale they passed,
Moaned deeply, heralding the blast—
When death reluctantly gave o'er
The strife, and left lord Winfred's door.

'Tis morn ! and lo, the Saxon chief again,
 Treads with a patriot's love his native plain ;
 And grateful for high heaven's preserving care,
 He hastens onward to the house of prayer.
 With swelling bosom and with glistening eye,
 He looks abroad, on wood, and stream, and sky ;
 Passes the spot, the scene of that last strife
 Which left him, though a victor, scarce with life,
 And nears the pile—a monumental stone
 Arrests his steps—but who that prostrate one ?

It was a new made grave, and on it lay
 Gunhilda's form—her soul seemed passed away !
 For cold as the loved youth that lay beneath,
 That bosom, where such deep-toned love could
 breathe.

Within her hand she held the withered flowers,
 Which fair had bloomed in the last sunny hours ;
 And bending o'er her slumber so profound,
 Fast fell the minstrel's tears upon the mound.

They raise her, and a gentle tremor creeps
 O'er her pale face, as when the soft wind sweeps
 The slumbering lake—then leaves it as it lay ;
 So passed that tremor o'er the senseless clay.
 The vital current flows at last—
 Not yet Gunhilda's life has passed.
 And now those long dark lashes part—
 Oh, how that brightness thrills the heart !
 It has no wildness now, but seems
 To fall, as fall the evening beams

Of day's bright orb, that sinks to rest
 In softened glory, in the cloudless West ;
 Or, like the radiance of the morning star,
 When tempests rest, within their caves, from war;
 And not a cloud across the sky is driven,
 Melting and mingling with the light of heaven.
 Reason had gained her seat ! She gazed on all
 The watchers, as desirous to recall
 The dream of what she was ; but when her eye
 Met that of Winfred, who stood weeping by,
 Then shot a pang across that snow white brow—
 But quickly passed and left no trace of woe.
 It seemed that nothing more could mar the form
 Of her, who seemed e'en now beyond the storm.

“ 'Twill soon be over, and ere long
 My soul shall join yon starry throng !
 Within their midst I see a waving hand,
 That beckons me on to their happy land !
 Hark ! they are whispering, ‘ Sister ! come—
 Come ! we are waiting to bear thee home ! ’
 Gunhilda soon shall be at rest,
 With the spirit on earth she loved the best.
 But ere I go, let me hear again
 The harp I love—that soothing strain
 Which, father, thou hast often sung,
 When fell despair my bosom wrung.”—

And while the tears down his worn features ran,
 The minstrel took his harp and thus began :—

“ Now wildly around me stern Winter is raving,
 The leaves of the forest are strewn by the blast,
 And the trees which in summer were peacefully
 waving,
 Now groan as the rage of the dark storm sweeps
 past.

“ And gone is the foliage that hung o’er the fountain,
 And glow’d ’neath the rays of the bright summer sun;
 And where beauty enshrined, clad the valley and
 mountain
 With verdure, the tempest is reigning alone.

“ The billows are raging o’er the wild ocean,
 And dark and more dark grows the tempest’s
 fierce scowl!
 But this wildness accords with my keenest emotion,
 These night winds respond to the grief of my soul.

“ I mourn not the change—for nature, thus shrouded
 In gloom, can a joy to my bosom impart;
 And though now the fair prospects of summer are
 clouded,
 And nature is lonely—’tis more like my heart.

“ But spring shall return like the sunlight of morning,
 Dispersing the darkness and clouds with its ray;
 And her fair train of beauties the valley adorning,
 Shall change the drear *night* of the winter to *day*!

“ And a soft breathing voice to my bosom is telling,
 That all its wild throbbings will one day be o’er ;
 And the sigh of crushed hopes this bosom oft swelling,
 Shall sink in the joys of that happier shore.

“ For a fair spring shall dawn on this drear waste of
 sadness,
 And blossoms and fruits that are blighted shall
 bloom,
 And the wilderness smile in the sunshine of gladness,
 Unharmèd by the tempest, unshadowed by gloom.”

She smiled her thanks, and those large dark orbs
 raised
 Seemed e’en yet brighter while affection gazed.
 It was as though the soul, from out her eyes,
 Beamed its kind farewell ere it joined the skies.
 Hushed then was every breath—she did not speak,
 But still that heavenly smile played on her cheek :
 And long they stood and watched in mute amaze,
 Till o’er that brightness came a softening haze :—

“ Gunhilda ! ” whispered Winfred—no reply—
 By word or look—nor e’en the faintest sigh
 Proclaimed the moment of the soul’s release—
 This all they knew, that it had passed in peace !
 Death seemed to leave her beauty undecayed,
 For o’er her loveliness it threw no shade.

THE REQUIEM.

“ She is gone to her rest in the silent grave,
 And soft be the bed of her sleep ;
 Where roses shall spring and the willow branch wave,
 And affection shall wander to weep.

Sleep, sleep, softly sleep !
 On your mother's peaceful breast !
 Bright forms from the spirit land
 Are hovering o'er your rest !

“ O sacred spot ! she has come ! she has come !
 Where the loved of her heart is lying ;
 The dirge of the blue wave is heard at their tomb,
 And the night breeze around them is sighing.
 Sleep, sleep, softly sleep, &c.

“ And morning and evening chaste tears shall be shed,
 By the green grass that waves o'er their rest,
 And the sun's latest beam linger long on their bed,
 Loth to leave the repose of the blest.
 Sleep, sleep, softly sleep, &c.

“ Like two beautiful stars of the silent night,
 Which have sunk behind the blue wave,
 They did but hide in the brighter light
 Of the glory beyond the grave.
 Sleep, sleep, softly sleep, &c.”

The solemn strain has died away—
 They slowly leave the slumbering clay ;
 But seen amid the deepening gloom,
 Two forms yet linger by the tomb.

“’Tis kind ! but say, young, generous chief,
 What holds the world to soothe my grief ?
 All from the minstrel’s heart is riven,
 But hope, the choicest gift of heaven.
 The world and I our course have run,
 And now we part—my task is done !
 Yet, Roland, thine shall be my prayer,
 As erst thou hadst the minstrel’s care :
 I joy to leave thee as thou art,
 Beloved of Dane and Saxon’s heart !
 Be just and kind, then shall not cease
 Thy happy reign of lasting peace.
 And, oh ! forswear life’s sweetest draught,
 If guilt be there and must be quaffed ;
 Throw down the damning cup, and be
 A man—a spirit noble, free !

“ How I did leave our sunny land,
 And dared Lord Ulric’s dreaded brand,
 Thou long hast known, and what the cause
 Which leagued me with his Saxon foes.
 Oh, lost Anselmo ! never yet
 Could I our youthful love forget !
 I crossed him in that bloody fight—
 Oh, heaven ! with what a stern delight

I gazed upon my gloomy foe,
 Struck down beneath my vengeful blow.
 'This, for Anselmo!'—o'er my head
 I shook my deeply crimsoned blade ;—
 Next moment Ulric's life had fled—
 But with the speed of lightning ray
 An arrow stretched me where he lay.

" I lived, yet lived to curse the fate,
 That left me helpless with my hate.—
 She whom my soul had fondly cherished,
 Had sought me in the field and perished ;
 And her sweet babe, from off her breast
 Was gone ! None knew her place of rest,
 Till he, himself, revealed it on that night
 His own dark soul took its yet darker flight !
 'Tis eighteen years since on this very spot,
 I darkly brooded o'er my wretched lot—
 My wounds had yielded to the leech's skill,
 But deep within were wounds that tortured still !

" On his high steep I would have met my foe,
 And dragged him with me to the waves below,
 When softly stealing o'er my soul,
 Celestial voices seemed to roll.
 They sang of love—of Him who died—
 The Nazarene ! the Crucified !
 I hung enraptured on the sound,
 And balm fell on my rankling wound—
 Peace such as heaven alone bestows,
 ' And only he who feels it knows.'

These eyes that never wept through all my woe,
 Did then with tears of gratitude o'erflow,
 And in that calm, still, moonlight hour
 Was given the will—aye, and the power—
 To seek the good of friend and foe—
 To sweeten every cup of woe—
 Unnoticed glide, like stream, along,
 And bless whate'er I moved among!

“Now fare thee well! I must no longer stay;
 In Hilda's towers * I rest ere break of day;
 Hoping the remnant of my life to spend
 In holy waiting for my peaceful end.

“Farewell! complete what thou hast well begun;
 That labourer rests indeed whose work is done.
 To bonds of peace bind well each adverse name—
 Northumbria's future sons shall bless thy name.”¹⁰

“England is struggling through a gloom,
 Dense as the blackness of the tomb;
 And tyrants strive to bear her down—
 Yet quails she not beneath their frown.
 Now, now, she rises on her car,
 And flashes in the van of war!
 They fall! they fall!—press on ye brave,
 Your island home is slavery's grave.
 How fair she looks! her blue robe flowing round
 That envied form, where every grace is found—

* Whitby Abbey.

While on her azure brow, the hand Divine
 Has traced its own imperishable sign ;
 Her star-bright eye and look of stern command,
 Beheld with love or fear by every land.

“ Once more, farewell ! go build thy fame,
 And leave behind a virtuous name :
 And oh, if haply once again,
 Thou should’st behold our native plain—
 (Oh, dear, loved land !—hence, rebel tear !)
 Some may remember me and mine,
 And tell thee more concerning thine.
 Whisper my tale in friendship’s ear
 Say that I sleep in quiet here—
 And they will thank thee with a tear !
 Weep not for me—while here I dwell
 Be sure I pray for thee—farewell ! ”

Thus spake he, and the weeping Roland passed
 That night, to all beside, as ’twere his last.

Notes to Raven Hill.

RAVEN HILL is situated about eight miles south of Whitby and twelve north of Scarbro'. It is a high rugged promontory, at whose base are dark, threatening masses of rock, which have often proved fatal to the tempest tost mariner. A stone in the Whitby museum proves that a Fort was erected by the Romans on the summit of Raven Hill, A.D. 407, and here, it is supposed, the early Danes first planted their standard, the "enchanted Raven." Several interesting relics of antiquity have been brought to light, which indicate that Raven Hill and its vicinity may have witnessed scenes which, perhaps, in thrilling interest, would equal any produced by the pen of romance.

NOTE 1, p. 14.—"The Danish districts of Northumbria and East Anglia Canute assigned to his companions in arms, the Norwegian Jarl Erick and the Danish Jarl Thorkil the Tall. A number of smaller fiefs were made over in a similar way to Danish warriors of lower rank."

NOTE 2, p. 15.—"The disorders of the Danish monarchs once more induced the English to place a monarch of the Saxon line upon the throne."

NOTE 3, p. 16.—Ulric's assuming the garb of a monk is by no means singular, when we consider that "the Danes obtained the highest preferments in the Christian church, as is proved by a considerable number of letters and diplomas, issued by kings, bishops, and other leading men in England from about the year 600 to 1066."—See Mr. J. Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus Ævi Saronici*, vol. 1: vi.

NOTE 4, p. 17.—"Skool"—the same signification as the English "health, prosperity, success."

NOTE 5, p. 48.—"The Danes, as it agreed more with their martial spirit, were accustomed to settle their quarrels by the duel or holmgang. It generally took place on an island or holm, (hence its name,) where it was conducted according to fixed laws. Both plaintiff and defendant had the right to challenge."

NOTE 6, p. 51.—"A Viking valued deeds of arms, a glorious name, and the joys of Valhalla, the heaven of the Danish warrior, more than life itself."

NOTE 7, p. 52.—"The successors of the Vikings always preferred, to a natural death, a glorious one on the field of battle. Sivard, the Jarl or Earl who reigned over Northumberland, and who is immortalized by Shakespeare in Macbeth, when told that his son was slain, inquired if he had received his wound in front—"in that case I have reason to rejoice, for no other death was so befitting my son or me."

NOTE 8, p. 56.—“The prevailing passion of the times (10th century) was pilgrimage and chivalrous enterprise. In this career of adventure the Normans most remarkably distinguished themselves. In 983 they relieved the prince of Salerno, by expelling the Saracens from his territory. They did a similar service to Pope Benedict the 8th and the duke of Capua, while another band fought against the Greeks, and afterwards against the Popes; selling their services to the best rewarders of them.”

NOTE 9, p. 63.—“Clothe me,” said the dying Sivard, “in my impenetrable armour, gird me with my sword, cover my head with my helmet, place my shield in my left, and my gilded battle-axe in my right hand, that I, the bold warrior, may also die like one. * * *

* * * Attired in full armour, he passed gladly to his fathers, 1055, and doubtless with the hope of enjoying, in Valhallah, a continuation of his proud martial renown.”

NOTE 10, p. 75.—Roland is made the “Repairer of the breach,” and unites the Saxon and the Dane in the bonds of “brotherhood;” and I think I have history on my side. * * *

“In spite of the terrible devastations by which William coerced the north of England, the half Saxon, half Danish population of these districts,” says the French historian Thierry, “long continued to preserve their old feeling of independence and their ancient indomitable pride. * * *

The Norman kings, who succeeded the conqueror, dwelt with perfect safety in the southern districts, but did not venture north of the Humber without some fear; and a

chronicler who lived at the close of the twelfth century assures us, 'that they never visited that part of the kingdom without being accompanied by a strong army.' *

* * * It seems as though a great many of our countrymen had the idea that, immediately on the accession of the Saxon, Edward the Confessor, every Dane in England had the order to 'pack up and be off,' and in a few days England was wholly Saxonized; and fostering this idea, we have a little history called 'Edda; or, tales of a Grandmother,' which, like many a good old grandmother's tale, is more amusing than correct. 'Both nations (Danish and English) separated soon after, and in a few years the Danish supremacy had vanished like a vision of the night.' Indeed, my dear madam, but are you aware that Edward the Confessor is proved by the signatures to his letters patent, to have retained many Danish chiefs around his person? And it may be that we owe more to the daring Viking, for that spirit of enterprise which was shortly afterwards developed in England, than some are disposed to credit."

For the above notes I am indebted to the works of Worsaae, M. Thierry, Tytler, and others.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SERENADE.

The moonbeams on the wave are glancing—
Maiden ! come with me :
My boat is on its bosom dancing,
Oh, so merrily !

The splendour of the cloudless sky
Is mirrored on the sea ;
Come with the light of thy blue eye,
And all is heaven to me.

O haste ! the hours are speeding on,
When we, alas ! must part :—
I love thee, maiden ! thee alone !
Sole mistress of my heart.
The moonbeams on the wave, &c.

Come, see me to my ocean home—
We part ere break of day ;
The favouring gale and rising foam,
Both beckon me away.

Oft has he stood beside the dying man,
 And wept, and prayed, and prayed, and wept again ;
 And at the selfsame moment planned the deed
 By which he robbed the widow of her bread !
 In short, he oftentimes passes off for one
 Who steadily a heavenward course hath run.
 Yet there's a day shall dawn when every thing,
 In which he blindly trusted shall take wing ;
 When he, poor wretch, without disguising dress,
 Shall stand, stript of his seeming righteousness—
 And find, that he who truth for gain would sell,
 Must reap his harvest in the depths of hell !

THE FADING ONE.

Mother ! how calmly sinks the sun,
 Behind the moorland lea ;
 Far lovelier, now his race is run,
 His smile on flower and tree.

Come, once more, to the garden seat,
 To see him pass away,
 And hear the wild bird's song, so sweet,
 Conclude the summer's day.

I never knew a sweeter hour—
 I wish 'twould always last—
 That coming night had not the power
 Its smiles to overcast.

See, how each flower her graceful head
Bends to the farewell ray,
As pensive on her fragrant bed,
She weeps its flight away.

Come! see the shades of dusky night,
Flit o'er the purple glow—
The gentle winds, with pinions light,
Shall fan my fevered brow.

How still the scene!—yon aspen tree
Can scarcely wake a sigh,
For zephyr, passing silently,
Across the calm blue sky.

Oh, I have loved, at eventide,
When all around was still,
To seek the wood-crowned mountain side,
Or the valley's murmuring rill.

And oft, when evening's gentle air,
A golden cloud has riven,
I used to think the brightness there,
The spirit's road to heaven.

We gathered the daisies and buttercups,
And swung on the old oak tree,
Till the pale star looked through the tall tree tops,
And smiled on us pleasantly.

But all's now past away, mother !
 No more shall Jessie be,
 Among the flowers at play, mother !
 Or 'neath the old oak tree.

* * * *

Come closer, mother!—nearer still!
 There's a chill about my heart—
 I have no fear ; but, Oh ! I feel
 'Tis agony to part !

I've found this breast my constant home,
 Its love unchanged to me—
 Will heaven be heaven until you come
 To be what I shall be ?

There sinks the sun behind the west,
 And darkness soon will come ;
 But the morrow shall shine on the flowery vest,
 That covers the earth with bloom.

And a morrow is coming to me, mother !
 With a sun that ne'er shall set :—
 Tho' I'm leaving the flowers and thee, mother !
 There's light in the darkness yet !

FAREWELL.

Farewell! 'twere vain to speak the grief,
 That rankles in this breast of mine :
 'Twere vain—nor could I find relief,
 Were I to know my woes were thine.
 Ah, no! deep in its cell shall lay
 The grief of which no tongue may tell
 Which ne'er can feel a genial ray
 To cheer its silent gloom—farewell!

I ask not if thy heart were given
 To him whose gold did buy thy head!
 Love, pure as is the light of heaven,
 Owns not a sordid mind's command.
 I only know—I only feel
 How vain the pride that would rebel;
 The wounds that time can never heal—
 The crushed and bleeding heart—farewell!

Oh, fare thee well!—If yon pure sky
 A prayer e'er reached, or blessing came
 Upon this earth, to mortal's sigh—
 Mine shall ascend with thy loved name!
 We loved—but we have loved in vain!
 And yet we love—alas! too well!
 Else might this hour be free from pain,
 Or tears might soothe our last farewell!

THE SABBATH.

The morning dawns ; the smiling sun throws back
 His golden locks, and bursts upon the world !
 Soft zephyrs, laden with sweet odours, sweep
 The mountain's side. The bright green fields are glad ;
 The lark, uprising, warbles forth his hymn ;
 The flowers rejoice, the forests clap their hands,
 And ocean, kissing amorously the shore,
 Joins the glad anthem to the Deity.

Awake ! it is the Sabbath—chief of days—
 First of the seven—supreme of blessings ! given
 To smoothe the path of life—to bid its cares
 Stand still ; to lift the spirit on the wings
 Of faith, far, far above terrestrial things ;
 To draw aside th' impenetrable veil,
 And bid her contemplate her destiny.
 Hail ! holy day of rest ! At thy first dawn,
 How glorious was the scene thou lookedst on !
 Earth's great Creator resting from his work,
 And looking down upon a new-formed world
 With radiant smile of love ineffable ;
 And angel harp and voice, sweetly attuned
 To heaven's high melodies, kept jubilee !
 How gloriously on Eden's happy bowers
 Thine influence fell ! Then nature, undefiled,
 Poured forth her incense from ten thousand urns ;
 And as, in weekly round, thou visitedst
 The favourite work of God, what holy joy—

What high, what rapturous feeling thrilled
 His lofty soul! Methinks I see him stand
 With form erect and noble mien—his brow
 The seat of calm, majestic, hallowed thought,
 The seal of heaven is there—Eve, by his side,
 The fairest flower that blooms in paradise—
 Pure as the dew upon the tree of life,
 And mild as sigh of gentlest eventide,
 Graceful as fawn upon the mountain brow,
 And fair as lily by the fount of bliss!
 Watching thy footsteps o'er the distant heights
 They stand, prepared to give reception due.
 From mount to vale the brightening glory leaps,
 Skims o'er the perfumed bowers—lights up the stream.
 Then is the hour of love—the hour of praise!
 Then pour the soul's deep feelings, upward borne,
 Along the path of light! They gain their source,
 The spirit's resting place, her final home,
 The bosom of her father and her God!
 Celestial harmonies—such as no ear
 Of mortal man has heard since then, prolong
 The strain—the pleasing strain. Heaven joins with
 earth,
 And from the mount—the everlasting mount,
 With awful glory crowned—on wings of love,
 Th' Eternal Father swift descends to earth,
 And talks with man.

Day of my soul! survivor of the wreck
 Of innocence, long lost by erring man!

Star ! shining on a dark and troubled sea !
 Though change has swept o'er every thing beside,
 Thou art not changed—what thou wast *then*,
 In all thy freshness, thou art *now* to me.
 Thou too art chang'd not, Oh, my father's God !—
 The bridal day of paradise is o'er—
 The bud, the blossom, and the fruit are gone ;
 Sin's deadly blight hath blasted root and stem,
 And dark oblivion shrouds the calm retreat,
 Whilst nought remains to tell where aught has been.
 But through the veil, rent by my dying Lord,
 I come, a sinner saved by love supreme,
 And claim my God, and feel thee all my own !

Bright day ! shine on !—thou shinest on my tears ;
 But tears of sorrow are not falling now !
 The night is past—and in thy light I read
 The promise of that day—that glorious day—
 The Sabbath of my God, which knows no end !

THE REV. J. F. BARRY, M.A.

A DIRGE.

His memory long will live alone,
 In all our hearts, as mournful light,
 That broods above the fallen sun,
 And dwells in heaven half the night.

TENNYSON.

Rest, warrior, rest !

Not where the dark yew's branches wave,
 Not in the cold and silent grave!—
 Our tears they do not fall for thee ;
 We lay thee 'neath the green turf tranquilly,
 Arrayed in heaven's own panoply.
 Thou, o'er thy latest foe,
 Hast risen triumphant now ;
 And hast the sword and shield laid by,
 And joined thy captain in the sky,
 Where all the star-crowned victors are—
 Rest, warrior, from thy glorious war !

Rest, warrior, rest !

Yet must the church deplore her loss—
 A bearer of the bannered cross,
 Cut down in noble manhood's bloom,
 She hangs in sorrow o'er thy tomb :
 Though other loving ones may rise,
 To wipe the tear-drops from her eyes.

Oh, hard to some, that conflict won—
 An Abraham rendering back his son—
 All from one clinging bosom riven
 But meek-eyed hope, that looks to heaven,
 And paints the meeting of the tempest-driven.

Rest, warrior, rest !

Our loss is thy eternal gain !
 They waited on the glowing plain—
 Those shining ones ! And when 'twas come,
 Our parting hour, they bore thee home.
 Charming thy lingering fear away,
 Mild beamed at first their deathless ray :
 And soft those sweet vibrations rung,
 That fell from each angelic tongue.
 Then flamed the radiance of each wing,
 Then louder pealed each golden string—
 They hailed thee welcome, "priest and king."*

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

My bark's white sails invite the wind,
 To waft me o'er the sea ;
 I go another home to find—
 But none so dear to me,
 As that which lights my native isle,
 Cheered by a mother's loving smile.


* Rev. 1 : vi.

Thy woods, thy streams, thy flowery vales,
 Now vanish from my sight ;
 While round my gallant bark's white sails,
 Thick come the shades of night ;
 The shrill voice of the wild sea-mew
 Echoes my throbbing heart's adieu !

Farewell ! my dear, my native shore !
 I wander far from thee !
 The mists of night are gathering o'er,
 No more thy charms I see—
 My native isle is lost to sight,
 I turn and sigh a last "good night."

I leave thee ! Yet why should I weep
 At parting thus from thee ?
 While I am on the briny deep,
 No friend may sigh for me ;
 Nor one fond thought pass in that isle
 For me—the wandering, lone exile.

Well be it so—I love thee yet—
 Home of my infancy !
 Should *all* the wanderer forget,
 My heart shall cling to thee !
 And I could wish when life is sped,
 To rest in peace among thy dead.



Content, though nought might mark the spot,
 Nor friendship shed a tear ;
 Though by all friends, save *one*, forgot,
 To lie in quiet there :
 Thy green grass o'er my head should wave,
 Thy midnight winds sigh round my grave.

Farewell! my dear, my native shore!
 I wander far from thee!
 The darkness now is gathered o'er,
 No more thy hills I see;
 My dear, loved isle is lost to sight,
 I seek my cot and sigh "good night."

THE OLD MAN'S PRAYER.

"God speed me weel"—the old man said—
 'Twas a prayer oft breathed before;
 As staff in hand and uncovered head,
 He paused at his cottage door.

"God speed me weel"—and he passed along,
 Through the fields of glittering dew;
 The lark was singing his matin song,
 Aloft in the heavenly blue.

The lambs were sporting round his feet,
 Bright flowers their fragrance shed,
 The bees were gathering honey sweet,
 As the old man onward sped.

There met him alone in the woodland shade,
 A youth of noble mien,
 Whose golden locks in the sunlight played,
 Amid the foliage green.


A scarf of star-besprinkled blue,
 Waved o'er his snowy dress ;
 He stood, to the old man's wondering view,
 In heaven's own loveliness !

'Twas passing earth's music, that stranger's tone,
 As the old man's hand he pressed—
 " My father and thine, from his lofty throne,
 Hath sent me to give thee rest !

" Come, faithful one, of the silvery hair,
 With me to the heavenly plains ;
 Away from the world, with its toil and care,
 To where joy eternal reigns ! "

And the old man's heart feel's a sudden thrill,
 Soft voices strike his ear ;
 One moment's duration—then all is still—
 The old man is not there !

His friends sought where he went that morn,
 And where his body lay,
 " Found only the garment the soul had worn,
 But which it had thrown away."



Oh, was it not well he had sped that day ?
 Was the prayer of the morning in vain ?
 He had passed from the turmoil of earth away,
 In the home of his Father to reign.

In the light of the morning, a poor old man,
 Toiling hard on life's dusty road ;
 Ere the light of that day half its circuit ran,
 A glorified one with God !

THE JEWISH EXILE.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down,
 And we bitterly wept o'er the past—
 Our holy and beautiful places o'erthrown !
 Grim ruin impressed on each hallowed stone,
 With the shadow of death overcast.

Oh, ask not the song of my fatherland,
 Which my hand was too feeble to save :
 The voice of my harp would palsy my hand ;
 'Tis the voice of the free, and a captive I stand—
 'Twould be but the song of the grave !

O'er my senses it comes like soft music in sleep,
 From the harp of the long lost one—
 The song of the Lord, as it rung from the steep,
 While sung by our host—let me weep, let me
 weep !

For all but remembrance is gone !

SPRING.

Spring! spring! beautiful spring!
 Through the woodlands roaming;
 Climbing up the hill,
 Rushing in the rill,
 And laughing in the fountain!
 The mountains and valleys with music ring—
 'Tis a heart-stirring welcome, most beautiful spring!

Spring! spring! beautiful spring!
 Spangling the earth with gems;
 Raising and gladdening
 Things that were saddening;
 Now smiling, now weeping,
 Oh, just like this beautiful girl of mine—
 Melting in tears, but to break out and shine!

Spring! spring! beautiful spring!
 All thy flowers are smiling;
 Fragrance fills the air—
 But where the flowers—where?
 The flowers that grew in beauty—
 That cheered with their presence the happy home—
 Those beautiful flowers—why do not they come?

Gone! gone!—bright in yon land,
 By the water of life,
 On the heavenly plain,
 They are blooming again;
 And my Lord he doth cherish
 Each beautiful flower—how beautiful now!—
 Would you wish them back to your cold clime below?

THE SABBATH EVE.

It was the Sabbath eve—the gentle air
 Passed softly, whispering like a seraph's prayer;
 And through the chamber where the good man lay,
 Shone the faint glimmerings of departing day.
 A holy smile had settled on the face,
 Which death's fierce agony could not erase :
 Calmly he lay—the earthly tenement
 Fast breaking down, while brightly through the rent
 Made by death's friendly hand, a living ray—
 An emanation of th' eternal day—
 Streamed in and lighted up his dying eyes ;
 As when the sun, in eastern skies,
 Kindles with smiles the calm blue deep,
 And thence its flashing glories sweep,
 Where trees and flowers their dewdrops weep—
 So from those orbs that brightness spreads,
 And all around its influence sheds.
 Draw near—he speaks—yet faintly speaks—
 And, pausing oft, the silence breaks :—
 “The day of toil is past and night hath come.
 Sweet night ! The labourer hastens to his home,
 Pleased with the thought to-morrow's rising sun,
 Shall see the Sabbath's holy calm begun,
 And sleeps on thoughts that heaven alone inspires ;
 Then wakes to find the day his soul desires.
 Blest day ! the first and brightest of the seven,
 When cares are hushed and man draws near to heaven.
 So I—I sleep ! but happier far than he,
 Shall wake where Sabbaths last *eternally* ! ”


MY NATIVE BELLS.

Hark ! the bells, the merry, chiming bells !
Pealing out from the old church tower ;
O'er the land and o'er the sea,
Floats their pleasing melody—
A merry laughing spirit rules the hour.

Hark ! the bells, the sweetly chiming bells !
Send their melting tones of love afar ;
In the hall and cottage-bower,
Telling of the softening hour—
The holy, tranquil hour of solemn prayer.

Hark ! the bells, the solemn, tolling bells !
Slowly sending forth their notes of woe.
'Tis a soul has passed away,
And their deep voice seems to say,
That we too, must pass away from all below.

Dear, dear bells ! cheerful, subduing bells !
Be your note a joyous one or not,
As ye speak out from the hill,
There's a charm about you still,
As though some early friends yet cheered my lot.



MY BIRTH-DAY.

My birth-day ! minstrel strike the lyre—
 But mark ! no joyous tone !
 Why should'st thou, as my fleeting years expire,
 With gaily sounding notes greet the unknow ?

This day, a lonely traveller, I climb
 An eminence, and view life's chequered scene ;
 There are bright spots the shadowy hand of time
 Hath dimmed not yet, though years have rolled
 between.

They tell of youth's bright hopes and happy hours,
 And I could fancy that this twilight air
 Whispered their murmurs of delight, from bowers
 Where met and mingled all of bright and fair.

But nearer—Oh, the desert that appears !
 There lie loves, hopes, ambition, side by side—
 The fallen ruins of departed years,
 O'er which my memory lingers, like a bride
 Over her lost and loved one !—Darker still
 Are misspent hours and talents unimproved :
 Knowing the *right* yet with obdurate will,
 Pursuing *wrong*, by reason's voice unmoved.

And what may be the future, only He
 Whose eye doth pierce its secrets can declare !
 Now, minstrel, let me have thy melody,
 Breathing of hope, of penitence, and prayer !

THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S FAREWELL.

I am leaving thee, my mother !
The parting hour has come !
Can the earth give back another,
Like my own dear, happy home ?
With my hand I gave affection,
The first love of my heart ;
Do not blame my deep dejection,
For 'tis agony to part !

I can trust his bosom ever—
A sure and safe retreat :
Shall I love thee less ? Oh, never !
While the pulse of life shall beat.
And those bright and joyous hours,
The gay and happy past,
And fair England's fields and flowers—
I shall love them to the last.

Oh ! the exile's heart remembers
All that's faded from her sight ;
And she'll watch and fan the embers
Of the love which knew no night.
I am leaving thee, my mother !
The parting hour has come !
But this earth holds not another,
Like my own dear English home !

THE RETURNING WARRIOR.

On the deck, at the solemn midnight hour,
 A warrior's voice is heard ;
 As a noble bark, o'er the moonlit wave,
 Skims like the ocean bird.
 From her gallant prow, like a shower of snow,
 The yielding waters fly,
 And her wake is bright as a seraph's track,
 Through the bright and azure sky.

'Twas a lovely hour!—the warrior gazed—
 But with a vacant look ;
 And a strange emotion, fearfully,
 His manly bosom shook.
 Had that scene of beauty no charm for him ?
 What meant that sudden start ?—
 Hush ! nought but the hand that smote can heal
 His bruised and bleeding heart.

Where the mangrove's sigh and the rose's breath
 Steal forth when day has set,
 And the shadowed wave of the Jumna sweeps
 O'er crimes unburied yet—
 He had seen her last, as the bugderow,*
 On such a night as this,
 To the song-timed oar on the silver stream,
 Called forth the parting kiss !

And they met no more—ere a moon had passed,
 Grim murder reached her heart !

* A sort of boat used on the Jumna.

Oh! pitying heaven couldst thou look on
 And fail to take her part?
 And where was he upon that dreadful morn—
 Her warrior true and brave?
 But his red right hand hath avenged full well
 The life he could not save.

Where the mangrove's sigh and the rose's breath
 Steal forth when the day is gone,
 And the pensive wave of the Jumna sweeps,
 They laid his beauteous one.
 And no more—no more—doth a scene like this
 Fall on the warrior's sight—
 But it mocks his breast with the parting hour,
 And all he lost that night.

TO SLANDER.

Speak out! if thou hast aught against my friend,
 And never clothe thy words in mystery,
 For hollow hearts to give the meaning to.
 Truth scorns to take the shuffling trickster's guise,
 And is all open as the face of day.
 She bears herself erect and looks straight on,
 And if she wounds at all 'tis in the front:
 But thou, assassin like, dost love the dark,
 With thirsty knife seeking the victim's back.
 Oh, shame! Go find thee out some other ear
 To pour thy poison in; for know, I'd rather
 Have this pure air tainted with pestilence
 Than with the breath of slander. Get thee gone
 Thou essence of all meanness twice distilled.

THE FISHER'S DAUGHTER.

She dwelt by the deep blue water,
 On our fair isle's eastern side—
 The fisher's lovely daughter,
 And the youthful Henry's bride.

A star on the billow smiling,
 When the night began to lour,
 Was the light of her eye beguiling
 The old man's darkest hour.

Oh, dearer than all earth's treasure,
 That flower in his wintry snow!
 And prized more than all earth's pleasure,
 Was the love she could bestow.

But there came a night of sorrow
 To the dwellers in the cot;
 A night which knew no morrow,
 To brighten their sad lot.

Young Henry, the noble hearted,
 Had sought a foreign shore;
 But from the hour they parted,
 They ne'er beheld him more!

From the land of the sablé stranger,
 He had longed for his Mary's smile,
 And through battle, storm, and danger,
 He had neared his native isle.

But 'twas all they knew—for never
 In England's shores he trod;
 And the secret sleeps for ever,
 With the sailor and his God.

And the father's lovely daughter,
 Like the lily bowed her head;
 Though her blue eyes watched the water,
 Yet her heart was with the dead.

For with softest melancholy,
 She wandered day by day,
 Till the spirit fair and holy,
 From earth was called away.

Near yon temple,* old and lonely,
 On the summit of the hill,
 Sleepeth Mary—sleepeth only!
 But her heart—her heart is still!

BIRD OF SUMMER'S FLOWERY TIME!

Bird of summer's flowery time,
 Welcome to our northern clime!
 When the early beam is shining,
 And the evening ray declining,
 In the valley, on the hill,
 Sweet it is to hear thy trill.

* Robin Hood's Bay Church.

On my calm seclusion darting,
 Buoyancy to thought imparting ;
 Round my dog strange circles making,
 Pleased to see his rough coat shaking,
 Then away upon the stream,
 Sporting in the golden beam.

Welcome, welcome, once again !—
 Many a league of dark blue main,
 Many a scene of foreign land,
 Since last met, hath swept thy band—
 While people of a distant zone,
 Have listened to that weeping tone.

Build thy nest without a fear,
 Nought but friendship greets thee here :
 Wanderer !, far away from home—
 Till the darker hours shall come,
 Careless fold thy airy wings,
 Teach my soul thy pleasant things.


Bird! I too am in a land
 Far from home and its bright band ;
 But the love that cares for thee,
 Surely will not pass by me :
Thou hast all things *needful* given—
I may hope and trust in heaven !

MY BIBLE.

I love thee, I love thee! lamp of my soul!
My beacon thou art where dark waters roll;
Bright o'er the billow thou smil'st on the night,
Cheering my course with thy heaven-born light.
Shine on—ever shine in that cloudless ray,
As cheerful I press on my homeward way,
And brighter and brighter my path shall be,
To that far land of rest thou hast promised to me.

A thousand still voices my spirit greet—
As the air-stirred harp strings, their tones are sweet;
They gather around me, that ministering band,
And the veil seems drawn from the better land,
And the light streams down from eternal day,
And the cloud o'er the soul dissolves away.
Oh, thankful I clasp thee, my Bible dear,
With thee for my guide I have nothing to fear.

On my brow time yet no furrows hath left;
Yet of much that I loved I have been bereft,
For beings all loveliness, one by one,
To sad recollections have left me alone:
And the grass will wither, the flower will fade—
O'er the bright and lovely will come the shade;
But thou, like thy own unchangeable Sire,
Abidest the same, though the earth should expire.




THE WITHERED ROSE.

—
TO A YOUNG GIRL.
—

I saw it in the morn,
It bloomed upon the stem,
And opened all its loveliness
To Sol's reviving beam ;
Whilst all around it seemed
A second Eden fair,
As nature, smiling, sent her sweets
On errands through the air.

I passed that way at eve,
The lovely flower was gone—
Its glowing charms were all despoiled,
Its leaves around were strown.
Across the morning scene
A furious storm had passed—
That gay and blooming rose
Had withered 'neath its blast.

I paused and thought of man,
With all his proud display ;
Freshly he blooms awhile on earth,
'Neath pleasure's smiling ray ;
Till the rude blast of death
His health and strength consume,
Then, like that flower, he, withered, falls
Into an early tomb.



I've seen the youthful cheek
With love and beauty glow,
Nor shade of grief e'er settled there,
Or clouded o'er that brow!
I've seen that cheek grow pale
And cold in death's repose,
While friends were left to weep
O'er the fair but fallen rose.

But thou, when envious death
Shall breathe upon thy form,
O may'st thou find, in bowers of peace,
A shelter from the storm;
Though torn away from earth,
And laid within the tomb,
Fairer than fairest rose, in bliss
May'st thou for ever bloom!

DEATH OF CATHCART.

While the weary soldier sleeps,
 By the watch-fire's dying light,
 And the weeping morning creeps
 O'er the track of fleeting night ;
 The memories of the past
 Come crowding on the brain—
 Joys far too bright to last,
 Which he ne'er may feel again.
 What stirs the warrior's rest ?

“ Hark ! hush ! ”—’tis but the wind—
 “ ’Tis the two-headed eagle that stoops from his nest—
 To arms ! the foe is on us ! deceit and hate combined !
 To arms ! they come ! they come ! ”

Through the camp the signal ran—
 And the sleepers start to life ;
 But sternly calm each man,
 Forming in the ranks of strife.
 Then rose the battle-cry,
 And the clarion's thrilling note,
 And the death-fire glared on high,
 And the flashing sabre smote !
 Oh, the life-stream of the free,
 Flowed in torrents on the heath—
 Yet still the cry was “ England and victory ! ”
 “ Strike home, brave hearts ! They waver ! The
 victor's wreath or death !
 Strike home ! they run ! they run ! ”

"Forward!" our chieftain cried—
 "Hurrah! the day is ours:"
 But along our fiery ride
 Fell the volley's deadliest showers.
 Still, "Onward!" Cathcart cheered,
 And onward dashed the van,
 Where his silvery locks appeared,
 On the heights of Inkerman.
 The ball has pierced his breast—
 Yet he waved his sword on high,
 And he cried—as the hard-fought field he pressed—
 "In freedom's cause I've conquer'd! In freedom's
 cause I die!"—
 And the warrior smiled in death!

SONG OF RANDOLPH:

IN

CAPT. MAYNE REID'S OCEOLA.

I met her in the land of flowers,
 Where passed my spring time's happiest hours,
 And, sparkling, the Suwanee pours
 Her tribute to the sea.

Wearied with sport, my head was laid
 Beneath the tall magnolia's shade—
 Then saw I first my dark-eyed maid,
 The queenly Maūmee!

'Twas like a dream—a vision bright,
That crossed—then vanished from my sight;
And when she'd gone, it seemed as night
Had fallen suddenly.

I followed through the forest wide—
I called her name—the depths replied ;—
“ Where could their fairest flower hide ? ”
The lovely Maūmee !

I sought her long with youth's keen eye,
While time on mocking wing flew by—
She was the burden of each sigh
That rose incessantly.

Where had they gone, those phantom feet ?
How could I find their blest retreat ?
Oh ! might we meet as lovers meet !—
My heavenly Maūmee !

Full many a dream that then was mine,
And many a hope had known decline,
Ere once again that form divine
Love's eagle eye could see.

Nor time nor distance could erase
From memory's retina, the grace
That decked the angel form and face
Of my loved Maūmee!

That fled too rapidly !

My lovely Maūmee !

THE BURIAL OF CAPT. MOORSOM.

His soul to Him who gave it rose ;
 God led it to its long repose,
 Its glorious rest !
 And though the warrior's sun has set,
 Its light shall linger round us yet,
 Bright, radiant, blest !

LONGFELLOW.

Lingering upon the hills of blue,
The golden beams repose ;
The clouds above, to fancy's view,
Bright forms and strange disclose.

Far in the distance, draped in light
Flushed with the ruby's dyes—
Mild, soft, yet gloriously bright,
The patriarch mountains rise ! .

They seem, those brightly flashing pyres,
As watched by other eyes—
That spirits pure had lit their fires,
For evening's sacrifice.

But see ! o'er hill and flowery dale,
 There comes a stately band !
 Hark ! slowly on the sighing gale,
 Floats the dirge of a far off land.

Warriors of Asia's hues are seen,
 With those of Europe's bloom ;
 Solemn and stern is every mien—
 For they near a chieftain's tomb.

Within yon city's crimsoned wall,
 His heart's best blood was shed ;
 He was the loved, the pride of all,
 Whom they bear to his narrow bed.

Yon aged chief hath bent him low—
 Each sheds the warrior's tear ;
 Like Israel's bravest in their woe,
 On fallen Abner's bier.

'Tis done ! on Lucknow's fatal plains,
 The parting volley rose,
 Like vengeance thundering o'er his *manes*,
 The doom of blood-stained foes.

And they left him there to the warrior's rest,
 With the deeds of his faithful brand ;
 It matters not where, for his sleep is blest,
 By his God and his native land !

THERE'S A LAND!

There's a land where the weary
Are ever at rest!

Where the sigh of the mourner
Disturbs not the breast :

Where the dark surging waters
Shall never more roll,
Their burden of woe o'er
The poor, trembling soul.

A land where all bitterness,
And envy, and wrong,
Never breathe on the pure air
Of its blood-washed throng.

'Tis a bright land !—where beauty
Can never more die :
Its flowers are all fadeless,
No cloud on its sky :

Where God's children are welcomed
With hand and with heart ;
And where friends once united
Shall never more part.

'Tis the land of our fathers,
Beyond the dark tomb—
'Tis the land of our loved ones—
Our wished for "sweet home !"

THE BRITISH STATESMAN.

Fair England's hands shall twine a wreath
 Of glory round her statesman's brow ;
 Which envy cannot blight—nor death :—
 Which through all time shall fresher grow,
 Till, with a never-fading crown,
 Heaven shall reward his just renown.

Fierce was the storm, the prospect dark,
 No star vouchsafed its friendly light,
 As, plunging madly on, the bark
 Rushed through the darkness of the night ;
 Yet midst the swelling of the flood,
 Fast by the helm that statesman stood.

Dauntless he stood—his eagle eye
 Pierced the thick gloom that rolled afar ;
 Whilst others counsel him to fly,
 He boldly meets the tide of war ;
 And to the insults of the foe
 Presents a stern, defiant brow.

'Tis past !—morn smiles upon the deep,
 The zephyr o'er its surface glides ;
 While Fame from her exalted steep
 Descends where gentle Peace presides —
 And in bright characters of flame
 Inscribes a noble Viscount's name !

And who but he—when others failed,
 As guardians of our country's weal—
 With dauntless mind o'er all prevailed ?
 Taught the proud Muscovite to feel,
 And humbled his despotic race ?—
 Has he no title to our grace ?

Yes ! England's hands shall twine a wreath
 Of glory round her statesman's brow ;
 Which envy cannot blight—nor death :—
 Which through all time shall fresher grow,
 Till, with a never-fading crown,
 Heaven shall reward his just renown.

ST. HELENA.

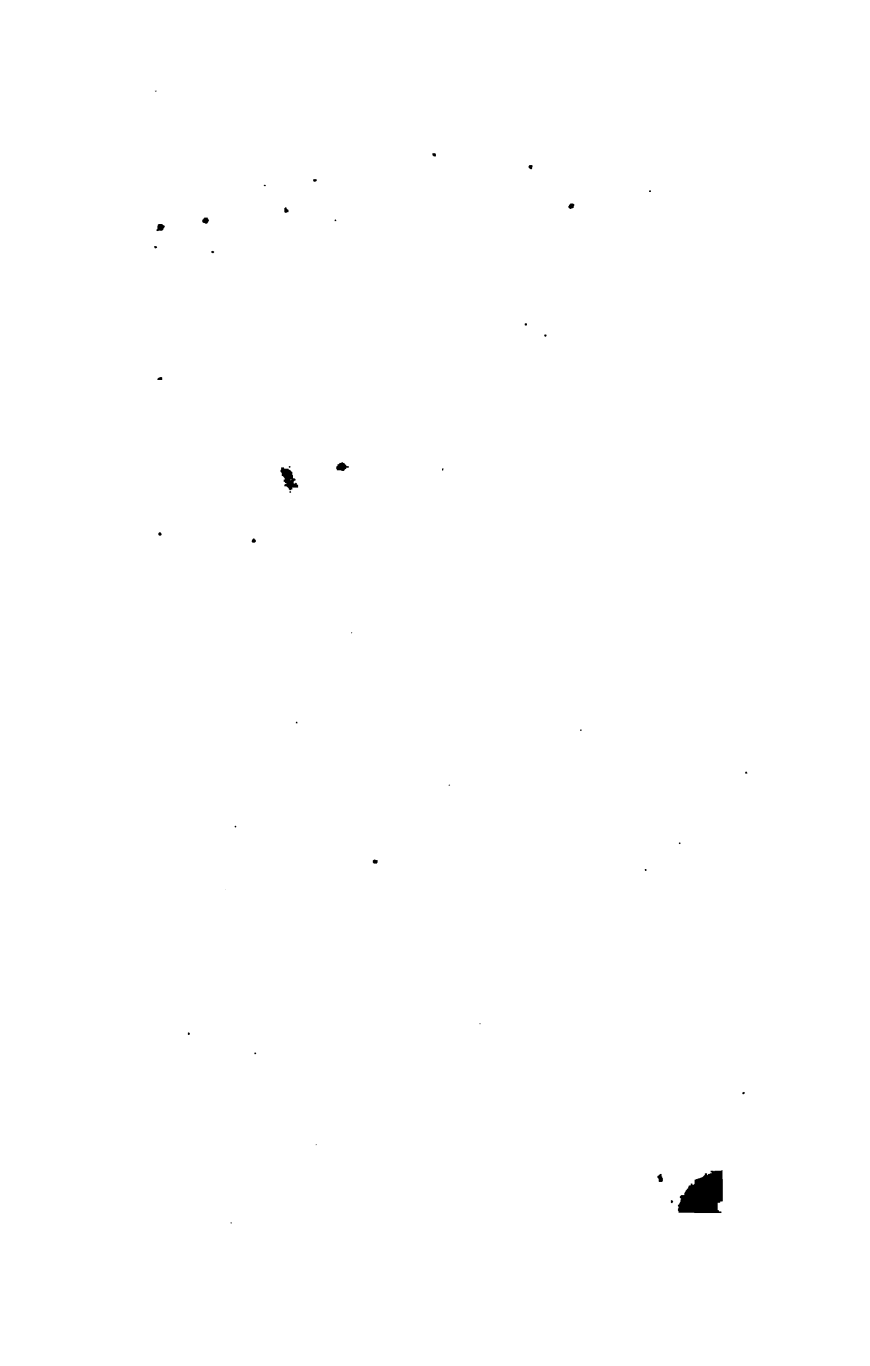
WRITTEN PREVIOUS TO THE REMOVAL OF THE BODY OF
 NAPOLEON TO FRANCE.

Is this the spot—girt by th' Atlantic wave—
 This desert isle, the great Napoleon's grave ?
 Ne'er dreamt that hero of a hundred fields,
 How soon to destiny ambition yields !
 Nor, that within a lone and rocky isle,
 Bereft of liberty and fortune's smile,
 His hard-won glory would depart—and dead,
 His canopy should be the willow's shade.

Where now the arm, that midst the strife of war,
Bound nations to his all-victorious car ?
Where the stern voice, that like the trumpet's sound,
Bade legions rise, and lo ! they thronged around ?
That over burning sands and snow-clad heights,
Led his brave warriors to a hundred fights,
Where scorning danger in the face of death,
His hardy veterans resigned their breath.

Silent in death, that voice no more is heard—
For ever sheathed is his imperial sword ;
All, all, is past ! the great Napoleon sleeps,
And death's strong iron hand its prisoner keeps !
Peace to thy shade ! great hero of renown !
No more shall nations tremble at thy frown :—
Rest thou ! until the trumpet bid thee rise,
And meet the sovereign judge of all men in the skies !

HORNE AND SON, "GAZETTE OFFICE," WHITBY.



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and dates.

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